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Movie Weekly

FEBRUARY 16
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THE BUSINESS OF BEING FUNNY
by
Harold LLOYD

"MARRIAGES NOT MADE IN HEAVEN!"
says
Rupert HUGHES

Ethel Shannon
Photo by
APEDA

Vol. IV

MOVIE WEEKLY

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No. 2

OUR BIG DOUBLE NUMBER

Next week we have a treat in store for our readers. It is the inauguration of our new and special big double number that will strike twelve, we believe, in reading and pictorial interest with the fans.

In seeking something new and extraordinary as news matter with which to launch our special double number, we have obtained Rudolph Valentino's own story of his recent trip abroad. Would you know what happened when this popular film star returned to his own home town in Italy? How the crowds greeted him and how his countless feminine admirers behaved? Then read our big double number, which will constitute next week's issue.

Nor Is This All

Combined with this super-attraction of Valentino's own story, will be the beginning of a smashing new human document of woman's love and man's deception, entitled "The Love Affairs of a Movie Actor." In this graphic narrative, the readers of Movie Weekly will peer behind the scenes of an actor's life and read the secret story of his heart.

New Features

In pictorial and reading interest will be contained in this issue, prominent among which will be "The Home Life of the Hollywood Screen Stars," which will show you how your movie favorite passes his or her time at home. Pictures in the making and in the taking will be revealed in all of their fascinating phases, with an unusually new variety of interviews, which present intimate close-ups of the screen stars.

Watch for our big new double number. It will be on the newsstands Thursday, February 21st.

DON'T MISS IT!!!

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The WICKEDEST EYES in the WORLD

Dagmar Godowsky*, beautiful screen actress, possesses orbs wherein dwell the *lure of the ages*—Just to see them is an *adventure

By David A. Balch

Men do not like to be laughed at by any sort of women . . . and when they look into the eyes of *Dagmar Godowsky* they see a dancing light of laughter.

THEY are a strange, enchanting color, these eyes of Dagmar Godowsky, a color as illusive to describe as the colors of a sky that is something between a brown and a green. But when you have looked into their narrow-slitted depth and felt the mystic summons of their green-brown inscrutability, you feel moved in some way, as by an experience that is both novel and disturbing. Why should a mere pair of eyes affect you so? You wonder.

Some day a book will be written about eyes—women's eyes—a scientific book, we mean, which shall attempt to describe the subtle potency of this pair and that. There are eyes that are violet dark and luminous that reflect a white soul and a yearning. There are eyes that are luminously brown and surrounded by irises almost blue-white in their clarity and that provoke one vaguely. There are eyes that are blue and simple and gentle; and there are eyes that are black and glittering—with suppressed desires.

And then there are eyes that speak to men clearly and say "I like you; take me!" Quite as there are eyes that say, "I am afraid of you, but I like you." And there are eyes that say "I like you and I want you!" Just as there are eyes that say "Come and take me. I dare you!"

Consider, reader, if you will, a composite of all these eyes, a pair of soft-veiled, green-brown organs of vision that gaze at you enigmatically between dark Oriental slits of lids—and you have the eyes of Dagmar Godowsky.

But aside from the enchantment of their color that seems to change momentarily in lambent waves, there is something about the eyes of Dagmar Godowsky that makes men wonder. And we think it is the soul lying back of them, the strange, half-girl, half-woman spirit that excites and then retreats, challenges pursuit and then escapes, until the mind of the man who falls beneath their sway is quite distracted from the witchery.

YOU wonder, as you look at them, look *in* them, if there is tenderness or compassion there. Perhaps man seeks for this first of all in woman's eyes, that he may find himself in her favor and judge his chances in the tournament of love.

He looks for *liking*, tenderness. It's a maternal quality and, once he has seen it, he has triumphed. But one does not find this in the eyes of Dagmar Godowsky. Instead, one finds a smiling, level scrutiny (through narrowed lids) of lambent green-brown eyes that look at you and through you with a sort of super-keen intelligence, and which beckon

(*Continued on page 27*)

ROBERT FRASER,

who first came into public attention through his delightful characterization of the toreador in Mae Murray's "Fascination." His fan following has steadily increased with his appearance in "Jazzmania," "When the Desert Calls," "The Love Piker," and "As A Man Lives." He will next be seen in "Women Who Wait."

WHEN IS A WOMAN TOO OLD TO GO IN PICTURES? Irene RICH tells

"If a girl doesn't 'get anywhere' in the movies in a year," said *Miss Rich*, "I'd advise her to give it up and try some other work or profession."

Well-known *screen favorite*, who is a *mother* in private life, answers the *age-old question* of when does a *woman's age* bar her from a *screen career*

By Regina Cannon

SPINSTERS—er, pardon us us — Bachelor Girls!

Having spent an evening and fifty cents at your favorite movie theatre, have you ever returned to the privacy of your boudoir to ponder over the idea of going into the pictures yourself? Have you ever secretly compared your face and figure to that of the reflected beauty of Bebe Daniels or Alma Rubens and wondered just what your chances before the camera would be?

If you're under twenty you don't bother to consider your possibilities *silently*. You voice them! You announce to a wide-eyed and bewildered family that if conditions don't improve for you in "this house," such as the little matters of there being less dusting and more spending money—why, you'll go right out to Hollywood and show Mary Pickford up for the kind of actress she really is, or make it known to Lillian Gish that she'll no longer have a corner on the tear-guaranteed parts.

But usually when people grow older they know less, and the girl of twenty-five hesitates to mention her desires for a career in the movies. She feels that it would be quite useless to try to compete with the flapper, who could spend five years "learning the game" and then have only arrived at the age the older girl has attained when she started out to win her fame and fortune.

We decided to ask Irene Rich—who is in New York on a well-earned vacation—her opinion in the matter.

Right here it may not be amiss to give you our first impressions of Irene Rich—they're so important, you know—First Impressions.

Meeting Miss Rich enlightened us on one point that's been troubling us for many months. "Personality" at last has a meaning to us. Irene Rich is "personality." They are synonymous—personality and Miss Rich. That much-abused, overworked, misunderstood word—"Personality." It's been always more or less haphazardly applied, and when we, in our ignorance, would ask for its definition, the answer would invariably be, "Er, well—it's something one can't exactly explain," whereupon we'd go away as much of a Puzzle-head as Mark Sabre.

But now the mist has been cleared; the mystery solved. We've met Irene Rich. She is "personality." She has charm—an elusive charm as delicate as the rustle of silk; a definite charm — the thing that is called magnetism, brains, imagination, humor. All this is Irene Rich.

Incidentally, it is the first time we've allowed ourself the luxury of superlatives!

WE MET Miss Rich at the Ritz for lunch. She burst in upon us, radiant and vivacious, having just been on a shopping orgy. And what, we ask you, is more conducive to inspire pep than to be put on Fifth Avenue with lots of spending money?

When we had ordered, we asked Miss Rich about the chances the older girl has of getting into pictures.

She considered the matter carefully and decided that the girl of twenty-five has a chance — not chances to spare, understand—but a fighting chance to make a place for herself in Filmdom.

"If a girl really means business," declared Miss Rich, "her age will not stand in the way of her success. Too many girls go into the movies half-heartedly. They register at the different film companies, and then sit home and wait to be called.

"When they are sent for, if a more interesting invitation presents itself in the interim, they go off to their party instead of reporting to the studio. If a girl fails to respond to a summons from the Casting Director and has no adequate excuse to present, well, usually she (*Continued on page 26*)

"No Girl should come to Holly-

Popular *screen star* advises carefully before they buy *film mecca* — Many are

By Grace

Mary Pickford in her role of Rosita in the picture of that name.

Are you a young, screen-struck girl? Do you dream of movie fame over the typewriter on which you make your living, or across the counter of the store that employs you? Have you thought you'd like to pull up stakes and pawn your ring and watch to buy a ticket to Hollywood and there take your place and chance among the hosts of other extra girls in that far western film mecca? Then read this heart-to-heart talk by Mary Pickford, the screen's best-loved actress. In it Miss Pickford tells the movie-mad maidens of America just what they must expect if they would go to Hollywood to woo the fickle goddess of screen fame.—EDITOR.

"NO GIRL should come out here to Hollywood unless she has a little money. Stars do not climb to stardom over-night. All the big successes come after long, hard work. This is only right. A girl pushed into stardom before she is ready for it is to be pitied. She calls down the ridicule of the world. If she makes a real success afterward, it is against odds. You see, people like to discover their own stars and make them. All the big stars have been "discovered," not by producers, but by the public. If I were going to bring out a star, I would surround her with mystery. I wouldn't have her seen at cafes; I wouldn't have her interviewed. I would put her into small parts first, then into bigger ones, but always be silent about her, merely giving her excellent direction, lighting and all the other helps that can be bestowed on a girl. Then I'd let the public begin to say, 'Who is this wonderful girl, anyway?'

"One bright star I know of was made that way, very deliberately, by a smart man who was managing her. He said absolutely nothing about her in the newspapers or magazines, but he signed her up for good parts, and had the influence to see that she was given every chance. She is a distinct type, has had training on the stage, and was bound to make good; but I'm sure that columns were written about her where only paragraphs would have been written if she had been rammed down people's throats.

"Many pitiful stories are told of girls' struggles when they reach Hollywood. I knew of one girl who lived at the Hollywood Studio Club for several weeks. Her money gave out, she could not pay her board, and she moved into one poor room, where she lived on a soda-cracker a day, until some of the kind-hearted club girls looked her up and brought her back, taking up a collection among themselves to pay her board. That girl deserved success, but perhaps she lacked some necessary quality for success, although she had looks. I always contended if she had had funds she would have succeeded. She went back home and married a man who was much in love with her. I hope she is happy. A girl of her pluck deserves to be.

"That girl's case proves that no girl should come to Hollywood without funds. She should have money enough to live on for a year without worry, and that means something like $25 per week at the very lowest. For the girl looking for work and going out as she must go out to meet people, must be nicely clothed. If she has a wardrobe of an evening dress, an afternoon dress, and a sport suit with shoes, stockings, hats and gloves to match, she may consider herself sufficiently well dressed, but she has often to buy her own picture clothes, of course, and for this she must have a fund.

"When such a girl reaches Hollywood, she should decide to stay at least a year. At the end of that time she should have some sort of inkling as to whether a picture career is to be hers. If her money has given out by that time, and if she finds she isn't earning enough to keep her, she should go back home. But if, on the other hand, she finds she is averaging $25 a week, she should be hopeful of success. Let her keep on, living frugally, practicing self-denial, taking sufficient rest, and give the business another try of at least another year. By the end of two or three years, she will know whether she is fitted for stardom or whether she cares to remain on merely playing small parts or good supporting roles. Only one girl in a thousand becomes a star.

"MOST girls are ashamed to go home if they don't make a success. A good idea is to have some other calling to fall back upon, in the hard times between pictures. I know a girl who keeps herself nicely between pictures by doing a star's secrtarial work. When she is busy in a picture, her mother does the work. This is an absolute secret, however, as she thinks, perhaps rightly, that her future would be jeopardized if it were known that she did any other kind of work than her professional work.

"I heard of a poor picture girl, discouraged and out of money, who tried to commit suicide, but was rescued. A place was found for her, clerking in a shop where especially dainty things were sold. She proved adapt at the business, is sweet pretty, lady-like, and they let her work always between pictures in that shop. So she manages to make a living. And the funny part of it is she does better work in pictures since she is doing something else between times. Naturally she is

A scene in the dining room of a *Hollywood* hotel with *Charlie Chaplin* seated in the foreground.

wood without Money," warns MARY PICKFORD

movie-struck girls to think their tickets for _West Coast_ called but few are chosen

Kingsley

less worried, better fed and clothed than if she were hanging on by her eyelids between pictures.

"Don't go into pictures unless you have good health. That's what I always say to girls. One lovely young actress I know of won a beauty prize. She came west for pictures, though her health was delicate. A year or two ago she broke down entirely, lived on charity of friends, underwent an operation and nearly died. She is recovering now, but she had to drop out of pictures so long that I doubt if she ever can quite come back. It is a bad thing to be away from the screen.

"IF I were a young girl going into pictures, especially if I came from the East, I wouldn't tell where I was going. I would take my mother and disappear, and then if success came, I'd be a welcome surprise to the home town folks, and if I didn't, nobody would be the wiser.

Mary in and as "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," the sort of role in which the public first came to know and love her.

Our Mary in "The Love Light," her first picture after the great war.

"But a girl shoudn't take a picture career too seriously. I heard of a girl the other day who was talking of marrying a man she hated because she was so discouraged and sick of herself because she couldn't seem to make good in pictures. Very often it isn't a girl's fault that she doesn't succeed. She just doesn't happen to get the right chance, that's all. One director can make or break a girl, very often. The girl I speak of happened to meet a sensible friend, who persuaded her to try her hand at real estate, and gave her a chance in his office. She found that she was especially adapted to salesmanship, and she is happy and independent. She says she wouldn't go back to picture work with its uncertainties for the world.

"It seems sometimes as though the world were against the beginner. Everybody discourages her. Nobody will give her a chance. But when you come to think of it, it costs the company perhaps $500 an hour to train an inexperienced actor. So naturally a director will grab somebody that is a safe bet. We pay sometimes in our company as much as $100 a day just for a bit, in order to be sure of results. Going off on location, the other day, for instance, Marshall Neilan asked me if he should get a high-priced, experienced actor at $100 for the day, to do a bit, or take a chance on an inexperienced extra to be picked from the bunch when we arrived on location. 'Take the experienced man, by all means,' I had to tell him. We had 500 extras working for us that day, and the cost of delay in training a man or in the event we had to send back to the city for an actor would have run into thousands.

"Another thing. Don't try to enter pictures without some good physical and dramatic training and dancing work, if possible. Learn to ride horseback, to swim and to dance. A wonderful training for pictures may be gained in stock work in a theatre, even playing atmosphere, for a girl learns to take direction, to have poise, to express herself in clean-cut, workman-like fashion.

"Dancing is the most wonderful training of all. For you are bound to learn pantomime, poise, facial expression, and synchronization, besides gaining grace of movement and figure.

"The girl going into pictures should have at least a high school education. Or, if she hasn't that, she should avail herself of every moment for study. I can't understand how extra girls who hope to get anywhere can spend their time on the set in their long hours of waiting in idle gossip and empty conversation, when they could be reading good books, studying some language, or watching the principals act.

"The Chamber of Commerce wants me to discourage the girls from coming West, but I don't feel that I can conscientiously do that. After all, the stars of tomorrow must be made, and tomorrow is not a long way off in the picture business. Only I would caution them about the matters I have spoken of. If they cannot fulfill these requirements, then I would advise them to stay at home.

"BUT if I have only encouraged one girl to do her best, and have advised her rightly, so that she shall seek and find a career, I shall feel my time hasn't been wasted.

"Oh, yes, one other thing! Let a girl cultivate neatness and promptness. A girl who was dragging a $500 dress through the dirt on the set, the other day, wasn't called the next day for work. 'I'll never give that girl another day's work!' exclaimed Neilan. 'She ruined that dress with her carelessness.' Another girl playing a bit kept the director waiting half an hour while she primped. Probably neither of those girls will ever know what was the matter that they didn't receive another call from that director!

"The time waster has no place in the studio. A girl should be studying, studying, studying all the while, books, other actors, current events.

"Let not even the beautiful girl expect to be welcomed at the studio with open arms. Venus herself could walk into a studio, and nobody would notice her especially. But beauty is a great asset.

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The Business of being Funny according to Harold LLOYD

Noted screen comedian tells how being *funny* is a *serious proposition* with the *laughmakers* of the *movies*

By Alma M. Talley

WHEN you've watched the comic villain heaving a custard pie at the comic hero, it probably seemed to you that life for those people must be a joke. Work in the studio making such comedies was just a playful riot of custard pies, with all the Hollywood cut-ups just having the time of their lives.

Ah, ha! But you're wrong, if you think that. After all, we're all of us wrong occasionally. Making comedies is really the hardest screen work there is.

Of course we've outgrown the custard pie era. Time was when that was considered funny, but that time is long since past. Nowadays audiences are too wise to get a laugh out of the same old tactics played for the ten thousandth time. The poor, hard-working comedian has to spring something new if he wants to cause any giggling school girl to go into hysterics.

Nowadays being funny is serious business, according to Harold Lloyd, who certainly has had as much luck as anyone in creating laughs. He finds it is none too easy to make a picture funny.

"In the first place, take the story itself. A serious photoplay has its scenario all laid out; every inch of the action is mapped out by the continuity writer, the director, or someone, before a single scene is shot.

"In making my comedies—and I suppose most others as well—we never work from a script. We have the basic idea of our plot to start with, but the ideas for comedy, as a rule, do not suggest themselves until we start to make the picture. As we go along, situations arise which lend themselves to 'gags.' The various humorous touches in the picture come naturally as we proceed with the scenes.

"Another advantage the drama has is in being able to depend more or less on old material. There are only a certain number of basic plots available—estimates range from seven to thirty-five—and every drama has to depend on some variation of one of these basic plots.

"But the producer of comedies has nothing to fall back on. His material must all be fresh and original—no one laughs at a joke he has heard before. So the maker of comedies must get his laughs out of brand new situations, or at least, old ones dressed up anew. Audiences are very quick to note any attempt on the part of the comedian to work off his old stuff; the gags they laughed at last year will not strike the audience as funny when they see them again.

"A comedian," says *Harold Lloyd,* "dare not take himself too seriously. The moment he is consciously funny he ceases to impress others as being so."

"The most successful comedy is that derived from things that really happen. An audience likes to laugh at a man in the same ludicrous situation which they themselves have been in. A man slipping on the ice, for instance, will always arouse merriment, because that is something which might or does happen to any of us. Wit and humor only mean something to us when they have to do with times and conditions with which we are familiar. The man chasing his hat on a windy day is universally amusing. It's the little homely, human touches that get across to the audience—especially when their sympathies have been aroused as well.

"Take 'Grandma's Boy,' for instance. Of all the episodes we have ever screened, I think the one which got the most laughs was the sequence in which 'Grandma's Boy' ate the camphor balls, thinking they were candy. The sympathy of the audience was with the boy—that, of course, is the first essential for the comedian. The truest comedy of all is the kind that has an undercurrent of pathos in it. Charlie Chaplin has proved this to be true. The humor of sympathy and understanding has more depth and reality than any superficial wit. A laugh in the theatre is always magnified when there is sympathy for the person the audience laughs at.

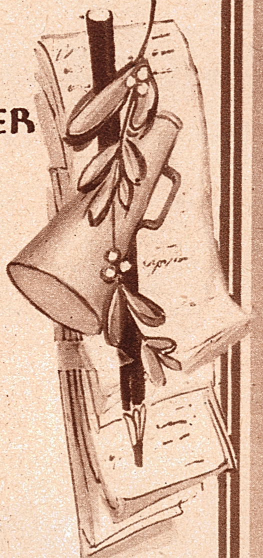
"BUT a comedian dare not take himself too seriously. The moment he is consciously funny, he ceases to impress others as being so. Naturalness is imperative if one is to hold the sympathy of the audience.

"Farce, however, calls for slightly different treatment than the dramatic comedy. But in both types of pictures, we find that it is important to build up the comedy sequence, one laugh piled up on another until the 'topping off' point is reached. Each laugh, of course, should be of greater force than the preceding one, until the final height of risibility is reached—just like building up a climax in serious drama. Often a situation falls completely flat because of its failure to be topped off by a gag.

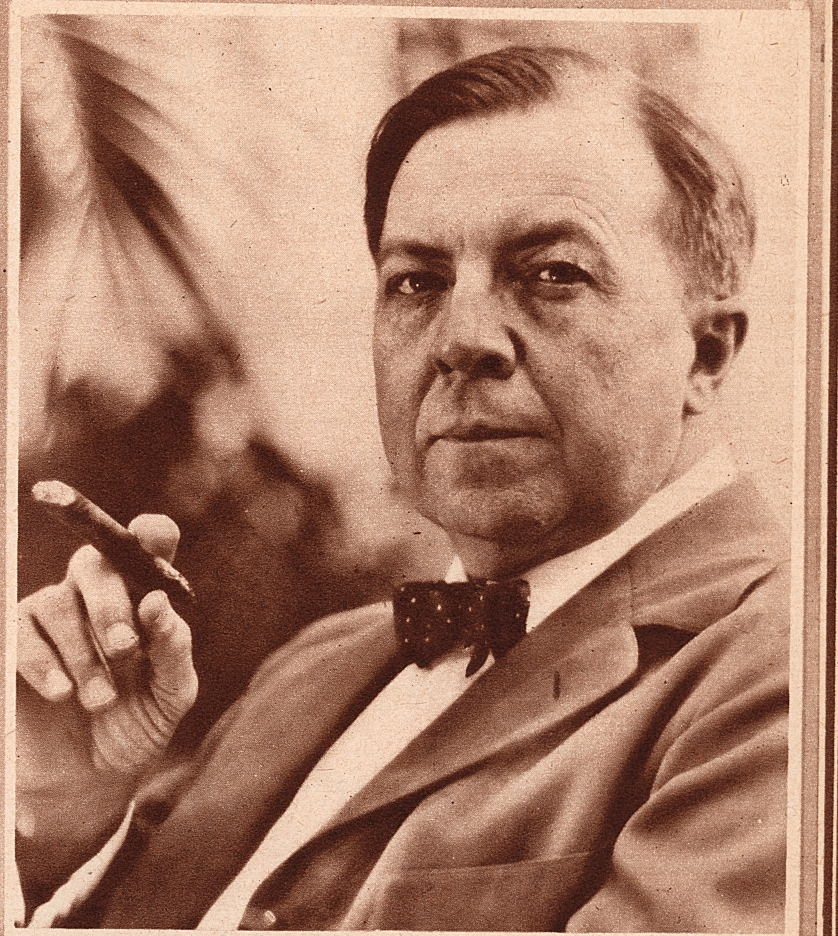
"Gags must be original, or have a new twist. Often it is impossible to have the idea entirely new, but at least it can be presented from a new angle. A gag must be clean; it must fit the situation, so that it will seem to have come about naturally.

"When I make a picture, I do my best to create funny situations. Then I have the picture previewed and pray for laughs. If the laughs are not forthcoming, the thing to do is to quit praying and go to work again."

"Marriages not made in Heaven!"



Says FAMOUS SCREEN WRITER



"Men and women," says *Mr. Hughes*, "are like kids. As long as they play well together they will agree."

***Rupert Hughes*, author of "*Reno*," listens in on *divorce bench* and delivers himself of some opinions on the "*man-made institution*"**

By T. Howard Kelly

MAYBE movie marriages are made in heaven, but Rupert Hughes, who is responsible for giving motion picture patrons a fair amount of appetizing celluloid rations, and who punches a vivid typewriter when it comes to writing novels, short stories and magazine thrillers, is of the cast iron opinion that all others are made here below to spread the modern divorce propaganda.

This is the famous screen writer's conclusion after holding down one end of the bench in a California divorce court as the guest of Judge Summerfield of Los Angeles, who invited Mr. Hughes to listen in so as he could get some inside dope for the next scenario he does on the subject of divorce. Hughes, as you may already know, is responsible for the recent Goldwyn picture, entitled "Reno," which gives all prospective grass widows and alimony-bachelors some hints on how to untie the nuptial knot.

Rupert, who possesses a pair of keen eyes and a set of most receptive ears, saw and heard things that have lead him to make some statements which everyone intered in swapping married troubles for single bliss might do well to study. Judging from some of these statements, it's a cinch that the eminent author didn't spend an idle morning as the guest of the judge.

"I don't think marriages were made in heaven. They are purely a civil contract — mighty uncivil in most cases," is his first comment.

George Walsh and *Helene Chadwick* in a scene from "*Reno*," a picture dealing with marriage and divorce.

If they ever were made in heaven, it is his opinion that the original recipe has been lost, and that the makers have substituted a formula that produces a synthetic type of marital alliance, somewhat in keeping with the explosive and violent type of synthetic gin and hooch being peddled during these days of prohibition.

Speaking of booze, or "bootleg firewater," Major Hughes declared that if every husband got a pink ticket from his spouse, and the divorce court every time he lost control under the influence of cocktails and highballs, there would be more than two million emancipated hubbies singing the joyous songs of freedom before 1930 rolls around.

"I don't see why any two people ever live together. I don't see why they ever live apart," he said, after a dozen cases had been broadcasted to him by disagreeing husbands and wives.

This Chesterton-like statement suggests that Mr. Hughes went away from the divorce mill with a lot of grist for baffling thought. Perhaps he will figure out just what he means and tell us all about it later in a novel. If he does arrive at any definite solution of how men and women are going to continue falling in love without doing either one of the two things that cause his wonderment, it is possible that he may include a chapter dealing especially with the problem of marriage between movie stars.

It was not so long ago that a very heated discussion took place in the village of Hollywood over the following question:

"Should screen artists, already wedded to their ambitions and careers, marry as everyday folks do, under the self-same condition of 'unto death do us part,' or should they be allowed the privilege of a trial marriage?"

OF COURSE in the realms of movieland there are just as many old-fashioned ideas concerning the marriage state as are to be found in any other profession, art, or industry in the world. Those who champion the idealism of one marriage - until - death romance, stormed indignantly at the set who expressed the "trial-marriage" as an experiment to discover whether or not artistic temperaments were suited, and could live in matrimonial bliss.

I wonder what both sides will have to say at Rupert Hughes' statement concerning the enactment of legislation which would grant divorces upon the mutual demands of the man and woman concerned, thus doing away with the involved divorce proceedings of the moment—proceedings which generally do little more than give the newspapers columns of sensational scandal for the public to digest.

In Norway, he points out, married ties are dissolved by the request of a husband and wife for divorce. If divorces were not granted on any other conditions, there would not be any separations between those (*Continued on page* 26)

The Confessions of a Movie Wardrobe Mistress

Can a young and beautiful girl, plunged into the maelstrom of studio intrigue in Hollywood, emerge and win her way to stardom on the screen, still untarnished? Has Hazel, inexperienced in life, and unprotected save by the hovering kindness of the Wardrobe Mistress, a chance against the cruel machinations of the cameraman De Saulles? Read this gripping inside story of the film capital.

HAZEL came from the small town of her birth in distant Kansas to seek her fortune on the screen. Her only equipment for the difficult struggle was her exquisite beauty, her youth, and her essential purity. Against that armor of protection from the world was set off her inexperience and her too-great trustfulness.

A position in a well-known studio opened the way to her for rapid ascent along the career she had chosen for herself, but it also exposed her to the attentions of De Saulles, a cameraman noted for his conquests. But for the motherly interest I, as wardrobe mistress, was able to take in her, an intimacy might have been permitted to grow up between the girl and man which would have cut sadly short her budding hopes. De Saulles, however, was disappointed in the consummation of his end and Hazel's attentions and interests were devoted undividedly to her work through the strategy I exerted.

So favorable was the impression made upon Paul Dexter, the director, that a leading part in "Below the Equator," a new and important film, was offered to Hazel at a huge salary. At this happy juncture, Jimmy, the young newspaper man who had been Hazel's sweetheart back home in Kansas, appeared on the scenes. But his visit brought its share of discontent, too. He promptly opposed himself to the movies and Hazel's connection with them. He objected to the light ways of the people of moviedom . . . and when Hazel and Billie, the husband of one of the stars, were found alone in a locked alcove, things reached a crisis. Hazel had been seriously compromised . . . the door had been locked by Billie's wife, Isabel, with the idea of "getting something" on her unhappy husband.

THE most immediate result of Isabel's contemptible plotting was the feeling of bewilderment and insecurity which it brought to Hazel. The girl's awakening to the stern realities of life had come in a series of rude shocks. First, the affair with De Saulles, which revealed to her the brutal, utterly conscienceless nature of some men. Next the uncompromising attitude of Jimmy in demanding that she must either give up the movies or give up him, and which made Hazel realize that life is full of difficult choices. And lastly, this scheming intriguing of a heartless woman who would have willingly sacrificed Hazel's honor in order to further her own ambitions.

"He's interested in another girl," said *May* easily. "He won't even look at *Hazel* now."

Hazel was beginning to realize that beneath the spangles and glitter and careless gaiety of moviedom there is a lot of grief and heart-ache.

She grieved, too, over Billie, who had flung himself out of the studio and out of our lives on the night when Isabel's trap to prove that he was untrue to her had proven a failure. One little note had come from him, dated at Denver. He was on his way East. He thanked Hazel and me for all our kindness to him. He deeply regretted that his friendship had caused her, even for a moment, to be the subject of his wife's suspicions. He spoke very bitterly of Isabel and seemed to think the movies were responsible for the change which had come over her. Personally, I think Isabel was nothing but a cold, designing woman, thinking always of herself. She married Billie because he came of a fine old Eastern family and his people had some means. As soon as she found he was interfering with her plans for a successful career, she ditched him as unceremoniously as she would have a last year's hat. But I knew that Billie had been madly in love with her and she had wrecked something fine and high and beautiful which would never come back to him.

Just another of moviedom's romances gone to smash. We had little time to sit around and pine, however. The great, glittering whirligig of lights and shadows and painted faces spun madly on. We were about ready to depart for San Diego where the biggest scenes of "Below the Equator" were to be made. Little I thought, as I worked on the scarlet, gold and black costumes of the South American revolutionists, what was to befall us on the flat, grey plains of Mexico.

Hazel had perked up at the thought of the trip. It would be her first experience on an out-of-town location, except for one-day trips into the mountains or down to the shore. Paul expected to keep the company at San Diego about two weeks. He was praying for sunshine so that he might go ahead with his schedule uninterrupted. The men of the company were looking forward to the outing because Tia Juana, one of the biggest gambling resorts in the world, lay just across the border from San Diego. Tia Juana is in Mexico and everything is, or was at that time, wide open. Thousands of American dollars have poured in there since Uncle Sam screwed down the lid on drinking and gambling.

Even the women of the company were excited over the prospect of getting a glimpse of this wicked spot, but alas! our hopes were dashed the very day before we were to leave for San Diego by a terse message from Mr. Brann that none of the women would be permitted to cross the border into Tia Juana. This looked like discrimination with a vengeance and occasioned a great deal of indignant comment. Even I was disappointed, as I had counted on seeing this much-talked-of resort.

Wild tales had drifted up from the border of fortunes made over-night at the race track and in the big gambling halls. It was said that a constant stream of trains and automobiles traveled back and forth between San Diego and the reckless little town just across the line which was, of course, outside of Uncle Sam's jurisdiction. It was not only the gambling element which usually frequents such places, but all sorts of prosperous, respectable folk from every part of the country which was making Tia Juana a name of fascinat

ing possibilities. Away from home, they seemed eager to indulge in something that had a little touch of danger and deviltry in it. School teachers, traveling west on a vacation, often took exciting dips into the little Mexican town. Motherly-looking women from the Middle West, who would never have dared do such a thing at home, brazenly risked fifty cents or a dollar at games of chance!

WOMEN are frequent visitors at the place, so it was no wonder the girls of our company were bitterly disappointed to miss the chance of seeing it when our work would take us so near. Still, I could see some reason for Mr. Brann's arbitrary order. The movie profession was at that time basking in the limelight of a nasty scandal connected with a prominent film star. Word had gone out from the head offices in New York that every means must be taken to prevent any occurrence which might give rise to any more ugly stories.

Tia Juana, with its lawless atmosphere, was no place for pretty, high-spirited motion picture actresses out for a lark. So Mr. Brann reasoned, I suppose, and subsequent happenings proved that his reasoning was quite correct.

On our very first day in San Diego, it began to rain. The sparkling whiteness of the town was veiled by it. The blue ocean was hidden by a fine curtain of mist. We sat in the windows of the hotel and looked out at the wet streets. That is, May and Hazel and I, and several other girls, who were to have small parts in the picture, were forced to it. The men fared better. They donned raincoats and blithely set forth for Tia Juana. I knew that, with the exception of Paul and young Marford, they were secretly glad it had rained. It gave them a chance to try their luck in the gambling halls.

May came into my room in the middle of the afternoon, comfortably attired in beflowered kimono and slippers. She sat down heavily in the rocker and deftly rolled herself a brown paper cigaret with one hand. No cowboy was ever more adept at this. She simply gave the bit of paper a twirl between her forefinger and thumb, twisted the end, and it was all ready for her lips.

"Did you know that critter was down here, too?" she asked, after she had taken a couple of satisfying puffs.

"What critter?" I said absently, sorting out some gold braid and buttons. For a moment I thought she meant old Mike, her pet dog. But her answer nearly made me jump out of my chair.

"De Saulles!" she said.

"What right has he——" I began excitedly.

"Now don't get uneasy, sister," said May, calmly. "All the men come down here when they have a few days off. Manley is sick and his company has been laid off temporarily. The critter got here before we did."

"If he tries any tricks——" I began again, that same old feeling of anxiety descending on me.

"Aw, he's interested in another direction now," said May easily. "That little flapper with the sleek black bob and the shifty eyes. He spotted her the minute she got here. He won't even look at Hazel now."

I breathed a sigh of relief. I did not waste any time worrying over the flapper. From what I had seen of her she was plenty able to look after herself. A hard, sophisticated little piece who had been in a traveling burlesque show before she joined the movies.

"Well," said May, yawning, "I should worry how much it rains. This hotel is comfortable enough and I've got to the age where that infernal sunshine don't inspire me to be up and doing the way it used to. I think we need this rain . . . so long as I've got somebody to look after Mike at home. He'll miss my cooking, though. Gosh, I'm glad I had a chance to quit the road. This movie life gives me a chance to do the two things I like best—cook and go to church."

It might have sounded funny to some, May sitting there blowing smoke rings and rolling her second cigarette. It didn't to me. Forty years of ups and downs in the theatrical world had left May just as simple and honest in her tastes as though she had spent all her life on a farm. I knew she meant just what she said.

"Barty's havin' one time of it," she chuckled. "He has to round up those negroes who are to play the part of South American savages and wear nothing but beads and carry a spear. They're scattered all over Tia Juana by this time, what with the rain and all. With all those dice a-rolling down there, they'll never all get back up here in time to play savages even if the sun does come out. Oh, this movie life is a great one, isn't it?"

Barty, as it turned out, had plenty of time to capture the runaways, however, as it was three days before the sun came out enough to permit shooting any scenes. At the first encouraging glimmer, Paul ordered every member of the company to report at once at the old exposition grounds, where the scenes were to be made. Some rare old Spanish architecture, which was just the thing for these South American scenes, had caused the selection of this spot.

The sun coquettishly played hide and seek with the clouds, alternately gilding the tops of the palm trees and then casting darkening shadows over the smooth white roads and buildings. The cameramen squinted up anxiously, their machines all ready. The members of the company were lined up in imposing array. I noticed De Saulles idly standing in the background.

I mentioned it to Paul, but he was busy and worried and replied rather sharply that he couldn't forbid the fellow to come into the grounds. After all, we had no proof that he had locked the door on Billie and Hazel, although I felt absolutely certain in my own mind. If he was down just for a little vacation, of course it was only natural that he should hang around with people from his own studio. So far as I was able to make out, he never even glanced at Hazel. He seemed to have forgotten that she existed.

The child was too engrossed in her part to think of anything else. In the midst of the revolution scene, Hazel, in a lovely pink dress and big hat, was to step into a carriage drawn by two spirited black horses. Marford, as the young American of the story, was supposed to spring in after her, but to be seized by soldiers and dragged away, while the frightened team, with Hazel clinging to the seat, was to go galloping down the street with the reins flying behind them. It all looked very thrilling and dangerous, but here was the trick: Invisible wires passed from the horses' heads and under the carriage seat. There they were grasped by a crouching man who was invisible to the cameras, but the horses were as steadily guided as though they were driven by someone on the driver's seat.

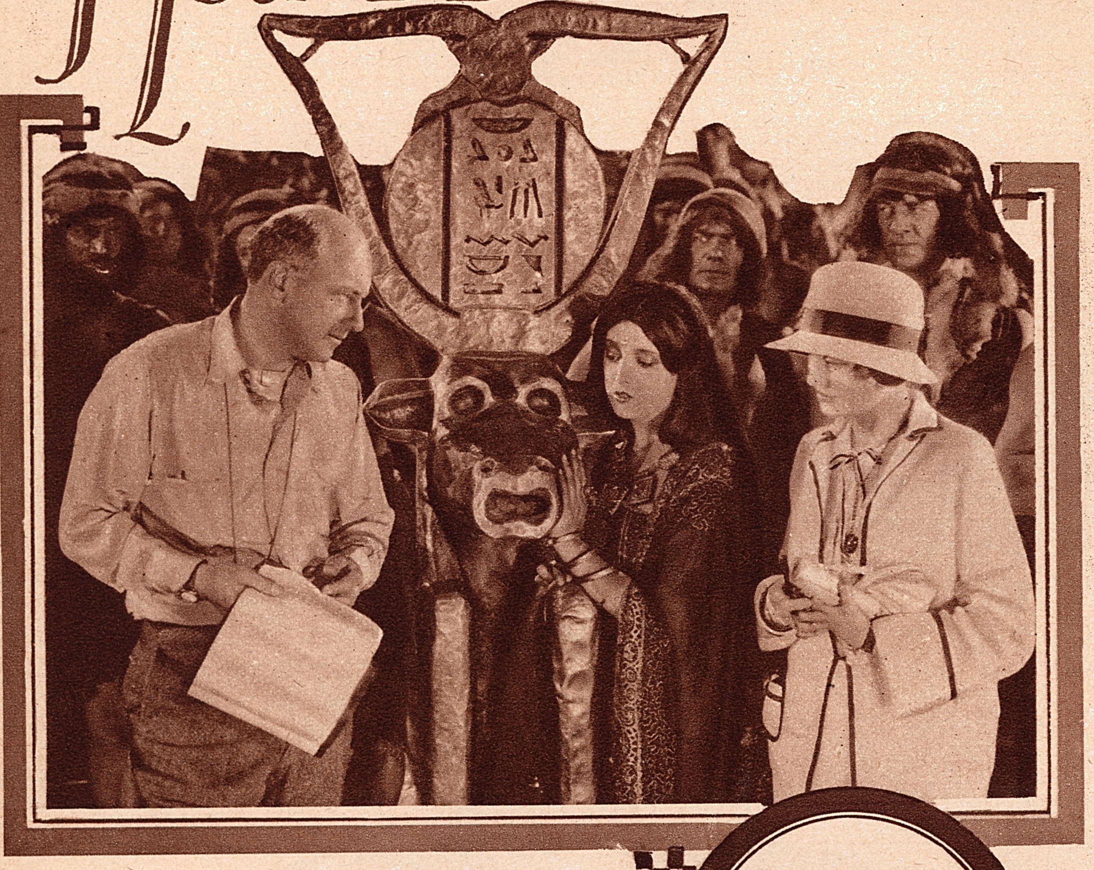
IT WAS all very realistic, the first time they rehearsed it, the plunging horses, the white-faced girl and the scattering crowd. In fact, when the horses went smashing right through a white fence and into a rose garden, it seemed like a real runaway. So it proved to be. With much cursing the boy who had declared he was expert with horses was hauled out from under the seat while Hazel, shaking like a leaf, was haled as something of a heroine by the crowd which gathered round.

"I thought you said you had been in the cavalry when you applied for this job?" stormed Paul. "Why, you couldn't even drive a grocery wagon! It will cost us a couple hundred dollars, breaking up that fence and garden. Here we've wasted three days on account of the rain and now you hold up the scene."

I felt sorry for Paul and I felt sorry for the boy. Probably he had needed the job badly and when they asked if he (*Continued on page 24*)

"Mrs. Loring," he said in a low tone, "come quickly with me to Tia Juana. Hazel has disappeared."

How DEMILLE Filmed "The Ten



Cecil B. De Mille, movie director extraordinary, who is responsible for the super-spectacle *"The Ten Commandments."*

Creation of *giant spectacle* a master work of *directorial genius*—Facts and figures that show how it was done

By John England

SUPERLATIVES are in disfavor. The blasé movie fan winks one eye and pulls up the corners of the doubting lip when confronted by such words as "mammoth," "stupendous," "prodigious," "magnificent," and all the rest of the time-honored ballyhoo vocabulary.

So it is that when a picture really does come along which is really "all of that and more," its producer is left vainly fishing the dictionary and tearing his hair.

You have perhaps noticed that practically no descriptive adjectives have been applied to "The Ten Commandments." Cecil B. De Mille simply gave up in disgust. He found there was nothing left to be said. He decided to let his picture talk for itself.

For "The Ten Commandments" is the real thing.

De Mille realized he had a tremendous theme, so he set about to do it in a tremendous way. And he made film history.

The first problem was to discover a site large enough, and remote enough and sandy enough to serve as "location" for the enactment of the Biblical prologue scenes which were to portray the bondage of the Tribes of Israel under the domination of Pharaoh Rameses of Egypt, and the great Exodus into the wilderness. The site must be accessible.

Location scouts were sent out from the Famous Players-Lasky studio and a diligent search of all the country within hundreds of miles of Hollywood was instituted. But no success was reported. This stretch of land was too hilly, this not great enough in area, this too far from the sea . . . and so it went. And in the end a compromise was reached. The location was selected which was scenically ideal for De Mille's purposes . . . and the "accessibility" requirement shelved.

Several barren miles from the town of Guadalupe, California, and two hundred miles north of Hollywood, is a forgotten waste of sand and winds and dunes. It is land worthless for all purposes—but one. It was perfect, geographically, for the filming of "The Ten Commandments."

No sooner was the choice of the locality finally approved—and it was far from a hasty decision—than the forgotten plains near Guadalupe began to seethe with a strange new life. No longer were they just so much waste territory out at the back of beyond. With a stroke of a pen they became—*"Camp Cecil B. De Mille!"*

In six short weeks there arose a flourishing, busy American town with a population of 2,500 souls. There were old men and old women, rich and poor, artists, artisans, craftsmen, laborers . . . all sorts and classes, just as one may find in any modern community. With one difference—there was none idle!

The production of the largest and costliest film in the history of the motion picture industry takes concentrated and terrific effort. It requires constant and unwavering attention to the task at hand, the cooperation and unshakable organization of all the multitude concerned in its production. Such a task also requires good tempers and good will.

HOW to bring an acceptable minimum of comfort to this vast assemblage in the desert?

Five hundred and fifty tents, arranged roughly along a system of paths and roadways in the sand, were erected. A special pumping station, with a capacity of 36,000 gallons a day, was constructed. Electricity and telephone connections were established with the town four miles away. An army field service furnished telephonic communications within the camp itself. Ten thousand blankets comprised but one part of the vast equipment required for the players' comfort.

A hastily constructed, barrack-like building was dignified with the title and purpose of a motion picture theatre. Each evening new films sent from the Paramount warerooms were shown to huge audiences. To many was the opportunity presented "to see themselves as 'ithers' see 'em." Scenes taken at and around the camp were shown as soon as the negatives could be rushed to the laboratories at Hollywood, developed, printed, and returned to the anxiously waiting director and his staff. Examination was made as soon as possible of each scene so that possible errors of direction, grouping, or photography could be discovered and remedied at once.

A jazz band, recruited from such of the extra

A group of extra girls at lunch while on location during the filming of *"The Ten Commandments."* The climate of *Guadalupe* is warm, you know. But so was *Egypt*. Anyway, they had to dress the part.

Commandments"

players and principals as were musically inclined, was formed and gave nightly concerts.

For those whose affection lay in the direction of more peaceful and rural forms of entertainment, there were the flour and sugar barrels in the completely equipped grocery store where they could sit and discuss the events, humors and calamities of the day and the prospects of their recurrence on the ever-unexpected tomorrow.

An army field hospital, operated by surgeons from the Presidio barracks at Monterey, cared immediately and expertly for those who fell sick and for those to whom any injury befell.

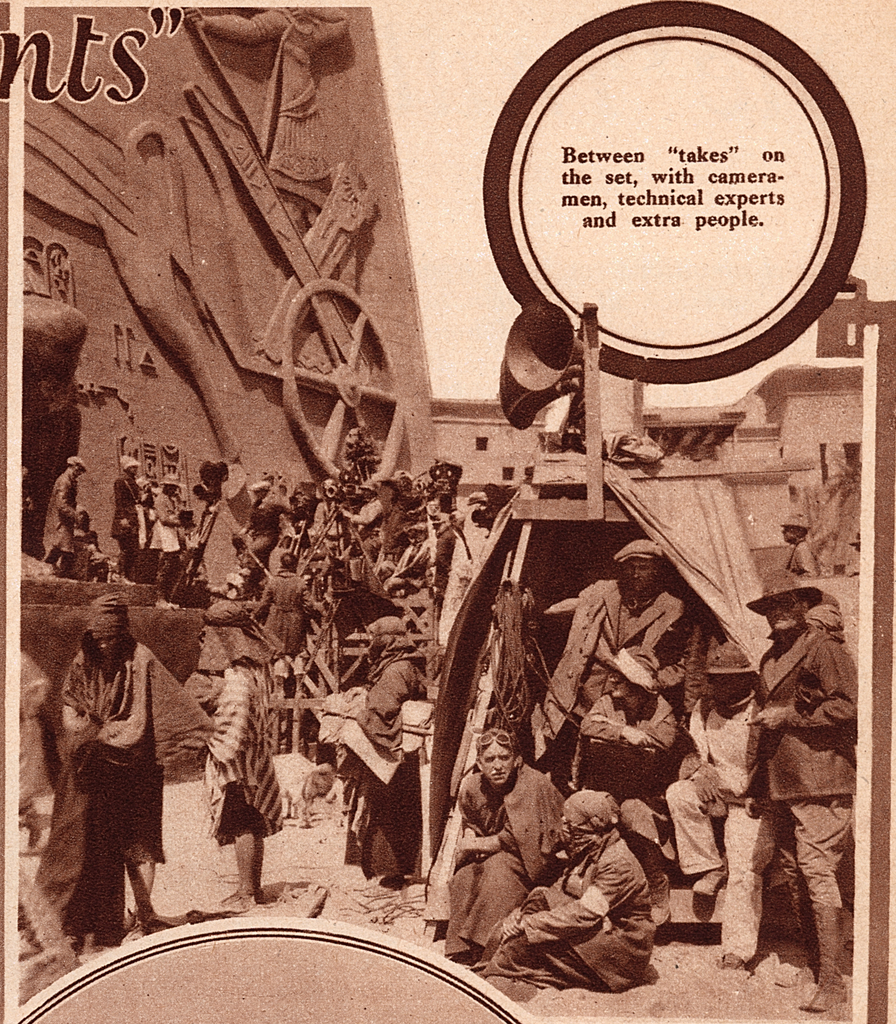
A DAIRY supplied milk and butter to the enormous commissary department. The dairy was itself supplied by thirty-six cows, a tiny bovine minority among the four thousand animals at the camp. For in ancient Egypt, goats, cows, guinea hens, chickens, lambs, sheep, hogs and cats and dogs were as common spectacles as were their human brothers. And De Mille was out for authenticity or bust! During the camp's existence fifty cows and hogs were eaten, butchered by the camp butcher. And some died a natural death.

There were sixty children under fourteen years of age, and, that their schooling be not interrupted, classes were conducted each day by seven teachers giving instruction from kindergarten to high school grades.

There were plumbers, electricians, painters, sculptors, carpenters—all busy. And busiest of all were the cooks. At the camp mess hall over 7,500 meals were served every day!

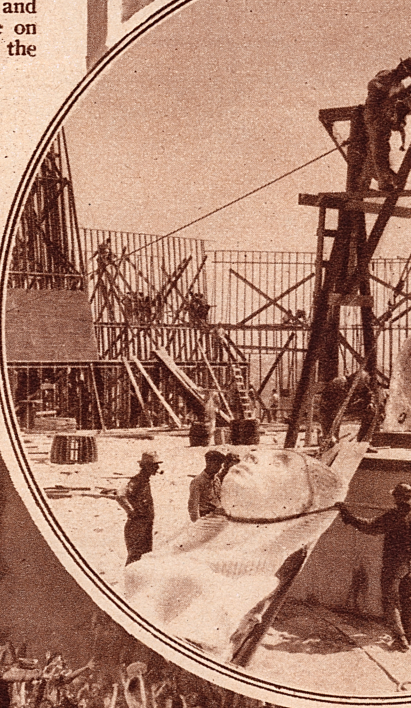
The actors were in charge of Assistant Director Cullen Tate and 35 aides. Under them all the players were organized in strictest army fashion. Each assistant was in charge of a company which marched to and from meals and the set with military discipline and precision.

Nor was Camp Cecil B. De Mille within easy reach of the actual scene where the important scenes of the picture were taken. The camp wasn't near anything! A road had to be built across the miles of peat bogs to the nearby town and another path two miles in length traced to the huge dune on which was erected the now famous City of Rameses set, the largest exterior ever constructed



Between "takes" on the set, with cameramen, technical experts and extra people.

AT RIGHT:
How some of the gigantic "sets" were constructed, depicting ancient times.



BELOW:
A scene from the Biblical prologue of *"The Ten Commandments,"* with *Estelle Taylor* as the central figure.

A special street department was detailed to keep these rough highways in moderate repair. The magnitude of their task may be imagined when one realizes the only vehicle that could possibly manoeuvre through the deep sand were specially built sand sleds dragged painfully by great dray horses, oxen and Western ponies.

THEIR task was to transport the materials for the building of a city, one of the most picturesque and gargantuanly lovely cities in all man's strange history. A city piled stone on stone by the gnarled hands of the men and women and children of a sorrowing subject race—the Jews in bondage in Egypt under the Great Pharaoh Rameses before the Exodus.

The set built in representation of the famous Egyptian citadel measured seven hundred and fifty feet in width and was one hundred and nine feet in height. It was approached by an avenue lined by twenty-four Sphinxes, each of which weighed over four tons. The front of the city covered nearly three times the area occupied by the castle set in Douglas Fairbanks' "Robin Hood," the most notable movie structure heretofore. The construction was accomplished under the supervision of Paul Iribe, Paramount art director.

The work required 550,000 feet of lumber—enough to build fifty ordinary five-room bungalows—three hundred tons of plaster, 25,000 pounds of nails, and seventy-five miles of cable and wire for bracings.

Clare West used 333,000 yards of cloth to make over three thousand (*Continued on page 29*)

The Trail I Struck to HOLLYWOOD

Must a girl ambitious for fame upon the screen, sacrifice all to attain her ambitions? Are not love and honor compatible with a career before the camera? Read this true story of Margey, the simple Georgia girl who trudged the dangerous path so many dream of

MARGEY, they called me—and beautiful. But I was inexperienced in the ways of the world when, with my beloved mother, I came from the little town of my birth in Georgia to try to make my way along the steep upward path which leads to fame upon the screen. My departure from home was accelerated by an ugly and false scandal broadcasted about me by my jealous sweetheart, Eddie Marsden.

Arrived in New York, I found life far harder than I had realized. My efforts to find work in a studio were helped by a young policeman, Jimmy Mulligan, who became interested in me. But work of that sort is intermittent.

After a period of difficult unemployment, I was forced to seek work behind the counter of a department store—but it was a phase fortuitously ended by an accidental meeting with a Mr. Barrow, a prominent theatrical producer, who kindly gave me an important role in a show he was presenting at a Manhattan playhouse.

Jimmy, by this time devotedly in love with me, objected strenuously, however, to such an association. But his objection was easily overruled by the strength of my ambition, and I continued in professional and intimate association with Mr. Barrow.

As the months rolled on, the constant professional association between myself and the elderly, sophisticated producer led to an intimacy which grew steadily to a place of foremost importance in my susceptible heart.

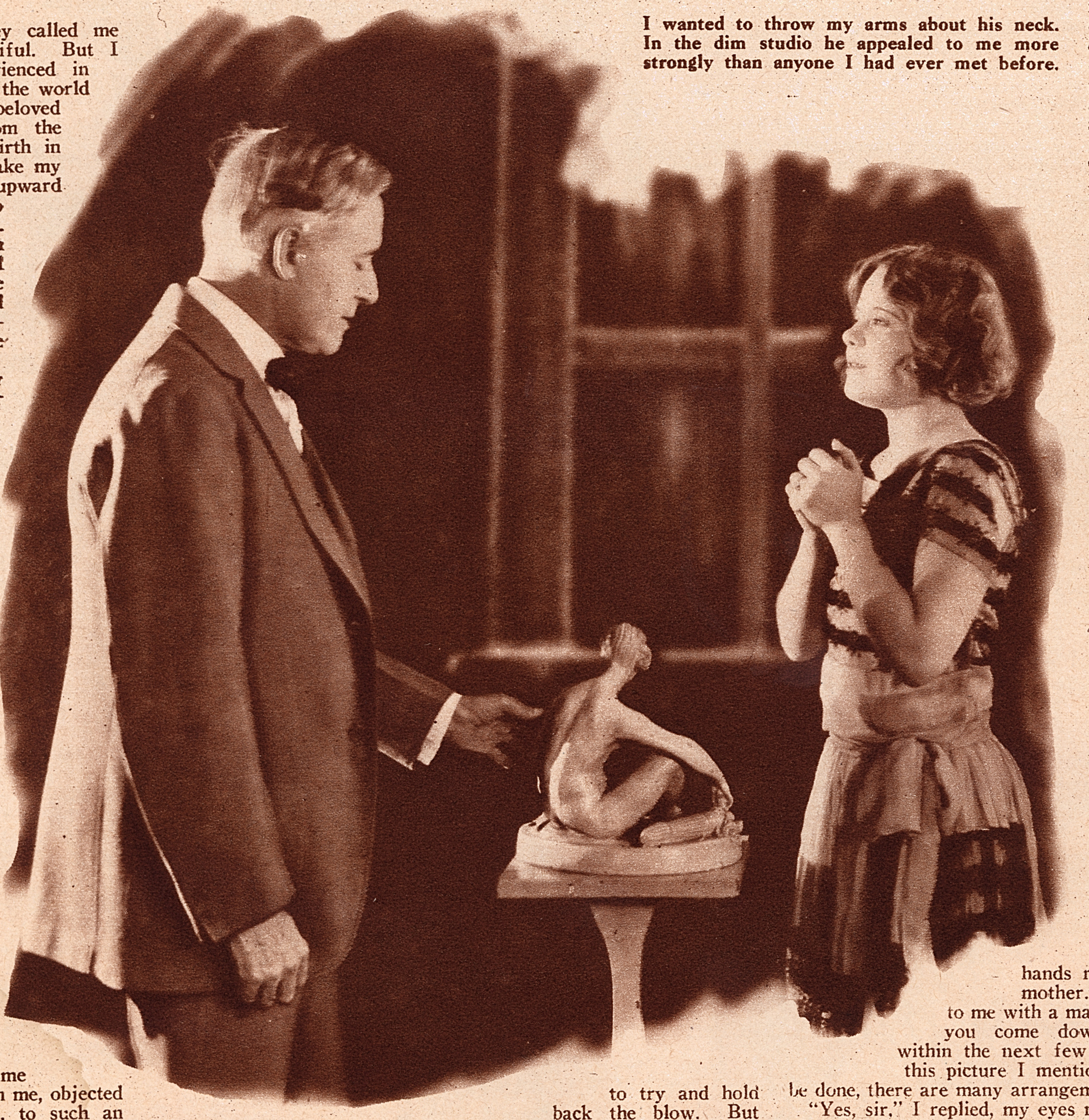
Jimmy, unwilling to admit to himself that his suit was vain, continued in occasional attendance. It was his discovery that Eddie Marsden, the betrayer of my cherished local good name, had followed me to the city and was spying upon me.

One evening at my home he waited for Marsden, and when the door opened, sprang at him.

J-I-M-M-Y!

My mother's voice, rife with sudden fright and apprehension, kept me from swooning away before the sight of Jimmy Mulligan's attack upon Eddie Marsden, the boy whose lying tongue had driven me to New York to seek my way in the pictures much sooner than I had ever expected to.

But my mother's outcry did not stop Jimmy. I saw him draw his arm back to strike Eddie. It was a terrible moment for me because, knowing how big and strong Jimmy was, I thought surely he would kill Eddie. Instinctively I reached out to try and hold back the blow. But Mr. Barrow was quicker.



I wanted to throw my arms about his neck. In the dim studio he appealed to me more strongly than anyone I had ever met before.

"Just a minute, old man," I heard him saying, as he held on to Jimmy's upraised arm. In that moment mother got between the two boys in some way.

"You little rat," cried Jimmy, glowering at Marsden, "I'm going to break every bone in your——"

"Jimmy!" began mother again. I looked past her to the boy from my home town. His face was as white as a sheet, and I could see that he was shaking from head to foot. Mr. Barrow still hanging on to Jim Mulligan's arm, was looking in a baffled sort of way from one of us to the other. I guess he couldn't understand one thing of the drama he had been watching and acting in since his unexpected arrival in our apartment.

"He can do what he likes to me, Mrs. ———, when I get through telling what I came here to say," said Eddie in a strained voice.

"What you've got to say had better be said in a hurry," threatened Jimmy. "What is it?"

"I don't want to say it in front of that man," he answered, pointing at Mr. Barrow, "because he is a stranger to me, and doesn't figure in this.

"But you do because you and Margery are in love——" he paused a moment and the silence that filled the room seemed to stun us all. I dared to look at John Barrow out of the corner of my eyes. He did not change his expression. But, somehow, although they were steady, his eyes seemed to have that frozen look in them again.

"So, if he will leave, I'll tell," finished Eddie.

"I will go at once," announced Mr. Barrow, turning to get his hat and coat. The tone of his voice, the quick, decisive gesture of his hands reaching for his things made me feel weak and dizzy. A sinking sensation seized me. I tried to hold him by begging him not to go . . . that Eddie could come back and tell us later. However, when I tried to make my lips move in speech, there was no sound forthcoming from them. It was just as if the words were sticking way down in my throat.

"Good night, Mrs. ———," he said, shaking hands rather stiffly with mother. "And," turning to me with a mask-like face, "will you come down to the office within the next few days to go over this picture I mentioned? If it is to be done, there are many arrangements to be made."

"Yes, sir," I replied, my eyes misting before the vision of his handsome, bowing figure.

"Good night," he said.

"Good night," I called back in a muffled kind of voice. Then he turned away, and walked hurriedly down the steps. The sight of him disappearing down our stairs made me feel as if something very wonderful was suddenly going out of my life.

"How did you get up here, Eddie Marsden, we never opened the door for you?" asked my mother, shutting the door and facing him with a look in her gentle eyes that even frightened me.

"I rang . . . and when Margery suddenly stopped talking, I thought she wasn't going to let me in. A man opened the door at that time and I followed in behind him——"

"What did you come up here to tell?" demanded

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Jimmy Mulligan, interrupting him as he walked over and glowered down on him.

"I came to apologize to Margery and Mrs. ———, and to do anything I can to make amends for my black lies about Marge," he blurted out, his words coming fast and jerkily, as if they had been pent up inside of him a long time.

"You're a darn long time getting to this point. Why didn't you tell me this when I first grabbed you for following her home? Instead of that you went ahead and told me the reason why she ran away from B——— without explaining the blackguard trick you played!" Jimmy said, his voice very hard.

"I—I don't know. Jealousy, I guess. I'd seen her with you, although I never said anything. And I could tell you cared from the way you took my words, although I was sure you didn't believe it all——"

"Believe it," sneered Jimmy. "Why, only a cad would believe such a thing about a girl like Margery. Look in her eyes. They'll teach you something about decency."

"But I'm over everything now. I just want Margery and her mother to know that I have made a confession to all of B———, saying how I lied about things. I made it right after my mother's sudden death——"

"Eddie!" It was my mother speaking. She had moved over to him and taken his hand. "I'm so sorry. I did not know."

"She was taken one night with a heart attack—died next afternoon. It broke me up, Mrs. ———," he half-moaned, "and made me realize what a terrible thing I had done to Margery. I began the next day to tell the truth. I told them all that it was jealousy and anger that had caused my lies. I told them the truth that she and that man were only standing together, talking in the garden, when I came up," he cried.

"I see," said my mother.

"There was the house left. I sold it, and came up here to find you and let you know how God has brought me to realize what a sin I committed against you all . . . Now," he said, turning to Jimmy, who was standing off looking at him as if undecided what to say or do, "you can go ahead and break every bone in my body. I deserve anything you give me." This time there was no quavering about Eddie's voice, and his eyes, seeming clearer and braver for what he had just confessed, looked straight into Jimmy Mulligan's.

"Eddie Marsden," I said, walking over to him, "there was a time only a little while ago when I would have asked Jimmy to give you what you deserved, for you did the worst thing a man can do to a girl. You took away from me all that I had in life. You stained my virtue, my decency, with a lie. If I had been a man down in Georgia, I would have killed you," I cried, my memory of those days when a whole village had turned its back upon me returning. "But, now, I am not going to ask Jimmy to hurt——"

"MARGERY," begged Jimmy, clinching his fists, "you're not going to let this fellow go on account of a few soft words?"

"Yes, Jimmy," I answered, holding out my hands to him. "It won't do any good to hurt him now. I'm glad you know the truth. That is enough, now."

My words brought a look of uncertainty to Jimmy's face. I guess he did not quite understand their meaning. What I really meant was that he was the only person outside of those down home who knew about the shame Eddie Marsden had brought upon me, and now, since he had heard the confession, he couldn't help me any by simply beating up Eddie.

"Please go, Eddie Marsden," I said, turning to him.

"All right," he replied in a breaking voice, and started out of the door which my mother had opened for him.

When she shut the door and I heard his footsteps going down the stairs, the reaction came. A torrent of sobs burst through my lips, and my whole body and soul felt as if they were being racked to pieces. I swayed unsteadily on my feet. Then I felt arms around me . . . felt that I was being lifted up and carried.

Vaguely, I heard my mother's voice drifting to me.

"Put her there, on the bed, Jimmy. She's just broken down from the nervous excitement of it all. I'll soon have her around."

Something seemed to rise up underneath me, something that was soft, and yielding to my exhausted body. Then, as consciousness began to desert me, another voice filled my ears for a fleeting moment—the voice of a man who had so often proved the depth of his feeling for me:

"If there's nothing further I can do tonight, I'll come along in the morning."

I did not hear my mother's reply, she must have whispered it. The sounds died away. My eyes closed. And I began to drift and drift towards a shadowy vision that was dancing before my closed eyes one moment, and strangely still the next . . .

John Barrow getting his hat and coat . . . John Barrow passing down our stairs . . . John Barrow's eyes with their frozen look in them before he had taken his coat and hat, before he had passed out of the door! These were the things that made up the vision which followed me into the darkness of an unnatural sleep.

THE next morning I could not remember anything distinctly, so jumbled up were my thoughts . . . so twisted and torn were the emotions that kept surging through me. There was a feeling of numb pain in my heart when I remembered how Mr. Barrow had gazed at me after Jimmy's explosive-like appearance from behind the dressing-room curtains. Another time and my feelings were those of a person who has unexpectedly been cut loose from something that gave them power, vitality, hope and confidence. For, somehow, I could not escape the belief that Mr. Barrow had been taken away from me by the events of the past night.

No, it was not that I dared think he cared anything for me in the way that my secret heart cared for him. My feelings had always been those of a worshipper at a shrine. He seemed so far and high above everybody else, and he had been so sweet and kind to me, letting me come a little closer to him in his desire to help me, than he had allowed most other people. And now, I was sorely afraid that a shadow had come between us . . . one of those mysterious shadows that cloud the sunshine out of a girl's life without giving her a chance to remove it. I could not help but figure that up until the night before John Barrow had looked upon me a little differently from other ambitious girls. But, after what he had seen and heard, I told myself there was no telling what his opinion of me might be.

"Have you heard anything from Mr. Barrow, mother?" I asked, a faint hope springing in my heart at the thought that he might have telephoned.

"No, child, not a word. But Jimmy was in not long ago, and brought this basket of beautiful fruit," holding up a basket of red apples, golden oranges, grapes and bananas, "and . . . these wonderful flowers!" she finished, coming towards me with a vase of gorgeous (*Continued on page* 25)

"I will go on one condition," she stated. "Can you tell me honestly there is nothing between you and this girl?"

"The HERITAGE of the DESERT"

Noah's Beery's uproarious attentions are ill-received by Bebe Daniels in "The Heritage of the Desert."

"The Extra Girl," Mabel Nor-
farce. "The Lullaby" and
tures of the week ::

haps, but none has been so consistently exquisite. The magnificent Arizona scenery, a curious use of new celluloid print colorings, and a sense of the importance of shadow, combine to give a sweep of beauty such as distinguishes "The Covered Wagon," plus a delicacy of feeling associated usually only with fine miniatures.

"The Heritage of the Desert," in fact, may be unqualifiedly recommended to old, young and medium, of any taste. It's "sure-fire."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

"THE EXTRA GIRL"

Mabel Normand In Some Slapstick Kidding

Presented at the Central Theatre, New York, with a cast including Mabel Normand, Anna Hernandez, George Nichols, Ralph Graves and Charlotte Mineau. A Mack Sennett Production.

"The Extra Girl" is supposed to be a burlesque of that army of young females who are convinced their real place in the sun is before the cameras of Moviedom. Its intention was humorous, good-tempered, and obvious. The part of a country flapper who struck the trail to Hollywood to seek film fame seemed ideally suited to Miss Normand.

"THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT"

A New High-Tide Mark in Western Melodrama

Presented at the Rialto Theatre, New York, with a cast including Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery, Lloyd Hughes and Leonard Clapham. Directed by Irvin Willat. A Paramount production.

It is only very occasionally that a film appears which may be termed a "work of art." "The Heritage of the Desert" is such a film.

Its subject and locale classify it as a "western." Its treatment and beauty lift it to a point above classification of any sort.

Zane Grey, from whose popular novel the photoplay was made, is now entitled to the distinction of being the only living novelist whose work has positively been improved in its transition to the screen. As a story, "The Heritage of the Desert" was simply a very ordinary tale of a young Connecticut tenderfoot who went West to make his fortune, was adopted by a ranchman, and became embroiled in adventurous and romantic incidents of no more than ordinary thrillingness.

But the movie has "contributing causes," as the doctors say.

The central roles are performed by four of the most capable players in screendom. Ernest Torrence, whose rise to eminence has been meteoric, in this makes his final vault into the topmost gallery of picture artists. A kindly, paternal and forceful role has provided him with his real opportunity. We have long suspected villainy was foreign to the temperament of Mr. Torrence. This proves it.

Lloyd Hughes, as the young Yankee, displays his customary dignity and charm, and Noah Beery, as a deep-dyed desperado, is more safely washable analine than ever before.

But Bebe Daniels is the worthiest of note of all the noteworthy troupe. She is not starred, but, for the first time in our memory, she gives the sort of performance which really merits stardom. In the difficult role of a simple Western cowgirl she displays a sincerity, a poise, and a depth of feeling few screen players can mimic. In a natural and beautiful part under a really great director, she has cast aside all unnaturalness, absurdities—everything which stood between her and true importance as an actress.

Irvin Willat directed the production. Unfortunately, we do not know who turned the camera crank. For, between them, they have reached a level of pictorial beauty which no picture in our experience has touched. Some have had instants of greater loveliness, per-

Charlotte Mineau **is in grave danger of being "socked" by** *Mabel Normand, "The Extra Girl."*

The riot begins, of course, in the small town of Mabel's birth. Her father wishes her to marry the usual fat comedian, whom all comedy stars' fathers always want them to marry. But she loves a handsome youth, who, in spite of less size, jaw and experience, has not the least difficulty in beating up his rival.

A Western Film of Great Beauty

mand's latest, an old-fashioned "*Sporting Youth*," among other pic-
Reviewed by John W. Vandercook

Daughter, by a fluke, wins a movie contest and embarks for Hollywood, where a place behind a broom, and not before a camera, awaits her. There is the usual swindler, the customary fake stock, father's money and the last-minute salvation of souls and funds.

Through all this, Mabel Normand flashes—arrayed in all her trick hats and frocks. Her variety of comedy is distinctly her own. It is broad, palpable and original. You either like it or you don't. There is nothing commanding in its quality to demand admiration.

She struggles to lift "The Extra Girl" above its woeful mediocrity. She seems, curiously enough, to be trying to slip moments of real fun past the bleary eye of the hopelessly dull director. And occasionally it does come through—and is greeted with shouts of laughter.

Apart from its grave vices of antique situations and gags, "The Extra Girl" suffers from needlessly poor photography, jerky continuity, and sets which would have thrilled the aesthetic heart of William Fox in 1909.

The scenes burlesquing the making of movies (at the film capitol) wasted excellent comic opportunities by "speeding up" to the point of idiocy.

No, there's no getting around it. "The Extra Girl" is most awfully old stuff . . . unless you like old stuff, of course . . .

And then, there's Mabel!

"THE LULLABY"

Mother Love Theme Affectingly Played

Presented by Chester Bennett at the Cameo Theatre, New York, with a cast including Jane Novak, Robert Anderson, Fred Maletesta, Dorothy Marion Mack and Lydia Yeamans Titus.

Don't drop into a theatre where "The Lullaby" is playing if you plan only to stay a short time—if a train or a square meal or anything vital will call you away. For it will call and call and you simply won't answer until every foot of "The Lullaby" has been unwound. "Gripping" is the most appropriate descriptive adjective which occurs to us.

It is a picture of Love—with a capital "L." Of the love between a man and a woman—the tragedy to which it lead . . . and the greater and more lasting love of a mother for her child.

Jane Novak is technically the star. More accurately, she is the entire company. She plays three distinct parts—that of a young Italian woman, that woman grown old, and that woman's totally different daughter. It is the fullest opportunity she has yet found to show her merit as an actress. The demonstration of competency is absolute and final.

Jane Novak sings *"The Lullaby"* to empty arms. A tragic moment from her latest picture.

The various roles are performed with such effective naturalness your attention—or your neighbor's—isn't distracted by the tendency to whistle your wonder at "how the dickens that double exposure stuff is done"—the make-up, etc. You simply accept the multiple personalities as genuine and do your wondering afterward.

The part—and it is in reality ill-suited to the blonde Miss Novak—is that of an Italian girl whose husband kills a man who attacks her. They are convicted, the man is hanged, and the girl condemned to twenty years of prison. There a child is born to her and, in babyhood, taken away.

Twenty years and many changes elapse before the slightly conventional denouement is reached.

Chester Bennett's direction is thoroughly able. Save for a rather incomplete knowledge of prison architecture and discipline and a thorough disbelief in the infallibility of Justice, it is excellent.

"The Lullaby" is essentially convincing. Therein lies its charm.

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"SPORTING YOUTH"

A Twelve-Cylinder Cinema at Full Speed

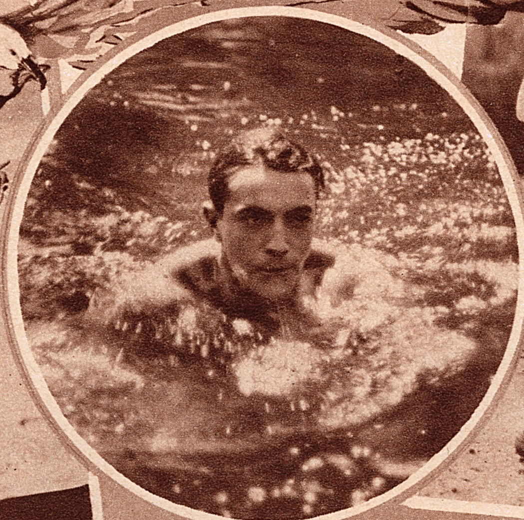
Previewed at the Universal Projection Room, New York. Presented with a cast including Reginald Denny, Laura La Plante and Frederick Vroom. Directed by Harry A. Pollard. Story by Byron Morgan.

The automobile and the motion picture have been called the two most characteristic expressions of American life. So it is entirely right and fitting that they should be combined—to the mutual benefit of each.

"Sporting Youth" is a speed romance of the breeziest and best sort. In it Reginald Denny, (*Continued on page 29*)

Reginald Denny and *Laura La Plante* understand each other perfectly. A close-up from *"Sporting Youth."*

It may be Winter on the East Coast~But it's Summer on the West



Richard Barthelmess seems to have got himself into deep water.

Well, here's *George O'Hara*, of *"Fighting Blood"* fame, out on the beach with a couple of sand witches.

Speaking of the wild, wild waves, there's *Kathleen Key's* scarf. Perhaps *Kathleen* is waving hello to all her *Goldwyn* fans.

Obviously this ship isn't a rum runner, because anyone can see that these *Christie Comedy* girls are not bootleggers.

If anyone tells *Doris Eaton* she's not the only pebble on the beach, she's in a position to deny it. CENTURY

"It's a fine day for ducks," says this bathing beauty to her little pet in *"Her Dangerous Path."*

By Divine Right

"Black Jack" Trent, political boss, is moved by an illicit desire for Mildred Marsden, his pretty young stenographer. Upon his whim, the girl's material welfare depends. Can she resist his attentions? Will Trent, accustomed to power, be thwarted? Read this fascinating fictionization of the Film Booking Office's latest photoplay

By Charles Warnerby

"Say," he blurted suddenly, "d'yer know—I like you? I'm not a man of flowery speech, but I'm able to do a lot for you."

THE door of the outer office slammed heavily as Mr. Trent came through on his morning arrival. He was a big man, dark and dominating, and his stride as he crossed the office floor through lines of desks, at which sat timid typists engrossed in their morning's work, proclaimed to the world that he was boss.

And boss Mr. Trent certainly was, not only of his office, but of the district in which he lived. For years a power politically among the ward heelers, his force had been felt even as far south as Washington, where the votes he could control in one way or another had often proved a deciding factor in the election of Congressmen.

Entering a door at the further end of the spacious outer room, which bore upon its upper portion of ground glass the legend, "MR. TRENT," he closed this as authoritatively as he had the outer one, and divested himself immediately of his hat and coat. In the morning, Mr. Trent, or "Black Jack," as he was known to some of his rougher sort of colleagues, was a human dynamo of energy. Nothing save business, political business, and the achievement of great works, mattered to him at that hour, and unfailingly he bent all of his energies to the accomplishment of any political purpose, regardless of what other considerations might be at hand.

Later in the day, however, Mr. Trent's vigor diminished slightly as with this taste of browbeating someone and that exertion of outwitting another, his zeal for public benefaction ebbed, or was replaced by an idea that recently had come to occupy more and more of his thoughts.

This idea, briefly, was his secretary—his "day-time wife" Trent called her to his politician friends. It couldn't, certainly, have been any more than "daytime," for at home Mr. Trent, or Boss Trent, as the newspapers were given to terming him, had a wife and a fairly considerable family. But his secretary, he found, came more and more, as time passed, to his mind to the exclusion of all else. And it wasn't until he had passed his forty-fifth birthday that he realized that he was utterly "mad" about her. He wanted her.

He turned from the coat tree upon which he had hung his hat and coat and approached the large mahogany desk and his morning mail. A faint odor of perfume assailed his nostrils, causing them to twitch and elevate slightly just above the base of Mr. Trent's rather full upper lip. He paused a moment keenly.

"THAT girl again," was his thought, and her image, Venus-like, rose before him. He saw her well-rounded figure, of medium height, with its blonde head and smooth white skin, and the provocative curve of her mouth.

He sighed heavily, then stepped to his buzzer and pressed it. Having done this, he sank into his chair at his desk, waiting for the girl, who recently was so much in his thoughts, to appear.

She came in almost instantly to his summons, and he sat regarding her hungrily. He liked to look at her at all times—as she stood before him answering his phone calls, or as she sat beside him taking his dictation. He would think often how nice it would be to take that firmly-moulded figure in his arms and crush it hungrily. Some day . . .

"You called, Mr. Trent?" she inquired.

He started slightly, aroused from his sensual reverie. She was more than usually beautiful, he thought, and the temptation to say something that would place them upon more intimate terms was more than usually strong.

"Yes," he answered heavily. "I wanted to ask you about that Summons matter. Do we get that contract or not?"

CALMLY and with complete understanding of the matter in hand, she told him of the way matters stood. He knew them full well, but he had sent for her only to have her seated near him and to feel the certain sense of physical contentment that her presence never seemed to fail to bring. He *needed* this girl, Trent concluded vaguely. He only wished he knew her better.

"I see," he muttered abstractedly.

She seated herself as usual in the mahogany chair that was set beside him and opened her notebook, preparatory to taking his dictation.

But the mind of Boss Trent was working rapidly. Accustomed as he was to gaining his own ends without let or hindrance, he found himself wondering now at the hesitation he felt in driving directly to the point with this girl who was in his employ.

"Say," he blurted suddenly, "d'yer know—I like you?"

The head of his secretary bent a trifle lower over the book she held, in order to mask the startled anxiety she felt. She had long known that her employer's attitude was not altogether a disinterested one. Little things he had dropped had led her to fear that his interest might be founded upon sentiment. It was a hideous thought for her. And now . . .

"Yes, Mr. Trent?" she found herself saying, her mind in tumult.

He regarded her silently, the odor of her person still in his nostrils and his senses riotous in consequence. Caution whispered to him to go slowly, but the imperious gesture of his desires urged him on to declare himself now or never.

"Sure, I like you," he retorted. "I'm not a man of flowery speech, but I'm able to do a lot for you, little girl, and I'd like to do it."

Thoughts came tumbling swift and fast into the head of Mildred Marsden, Trent's pretty stenographer. She sensed intuitively, as women will, the unscrupulous purpose of the man before her, but she shrank instinctively from a tacit acknowledgment of his designs. If it were possible, she would disregard his advances, under a pretense of something else.

"Thank you, Mr. Trent," she replied in a low voice. "I appreciate your kind interest and I hope that I may always be efficient enough in my work to warrant it."

"Say," Trent broke in heavily, "you don't have to worry about the (*Continued on page 27*)

What shall we see at the Movies?

Tabloid reviews of recent pictures that will enable our readers to judge the probable interest to them of features playing at their local theatres.
Rating: Excellent, 95%; Good, 90%; Fair, 80%; Poor 60%.

ANNA CHRISTIE (*Blanche Sweet*)—One of the best. Eugene O'Neill's remarkable play of strong emotions and the sea faithfully transcribed. Vivid and gripping situation. Blanche Sweet gives a brilliant performance in the title role. You're sure to like it. 95%.

ASHES OF VENGEANCE (*Norma Talmadge*)—A fairly interesting costume film. Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle both fine. Story conventional and rather weak. 85%.

BLACK OXEN (*Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle*)—A way-above-the-average film with a perfect cast, wonderful direction and a splendid idea. 90%.

BOY OF MINE (*Ben Alexander and Henry B. Walthall*)—An absolutely perfect little story of an American boy and his American father. The acting, direction and staging are way beyond the average. You're sure of a full share of genuine enjoyment. 95%.

THE COMMON LAW (*Corinne Griffith*) — Cheap mixture of extravagant sex stuff and indoor romance. The artist's model and wealthy painter theme. Based on a Robert W. Chambers story. 75%.

THE COURTSHIP OF MYLES STANDISH (*Charles Ray*)—A wonderful super-film of Mayflower days. Ray at his top-notch best, supported by an enormous and able cast. Lavishly mounted. 95%.

THE DANGEROUS MAID (*Constance Talmadge*)—Constance taking a flier at costume stuff. And a surprisingly successful one, too. Some real dramatic acting, but less of the star's typical sort of fun. 85%.

DAVID COPPERFIELD (*Foreign Cast*)—Delightful. Has less action but more atmosphere than most pictures. Lovers of Dickens' great novel are sure to enjoy it. And who isn't? 90%.

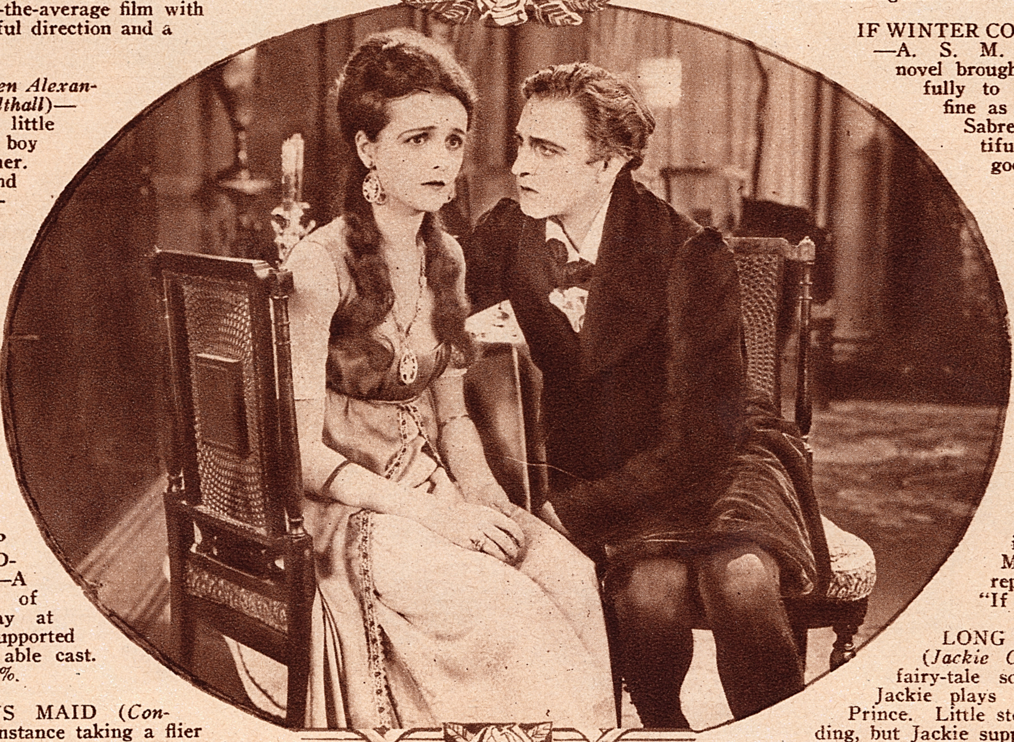
THE DARLING OF NEW YORK (*Baby Peggy Montgomery*)—The world's most adorable baby more than making up for lack of story. Laughs a-plenty. 90%.

DON'T CALL IT LOVE (*Jack Holt and Nita Naldi*)—An interesting and cheerful bit of "refined entertainment" based on Julian Street's successful novel. William De Mille's direction and the acting of Holt, Nita Naldi and Agnes Ayres make it well worth while. 85%.

THE ETERNAL CITY (*Barbara La Marr*)—Marvelous settings and mob scenes, but not much else. Long and singularly dull. Richard Bennett, stage star, gives the outstanding performance of the large and uninspired cast. But he's great. 75%.

THE EXTRA GIRL (*Mabel Normand*)—An old-fashioned, confused, and poorly directed Sennett farce made bearable by the slap-stick humor of the star. 70%.

THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT (*Bebe Daniels and Ernest Torrence*)—An exquisitely photographed, flawlessly acted and perfectly directed drama of the Old West. Zane Grey's novel has received the kindest treatment. 95%.



Mary Astor and John Barrymore as the young lovers in *"Beau Brummel,"* the film version of *Clyde Fitch's* play soon to be released.

HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND (*Sydney Chaplin and Owen Moore*)—A rip-snorting, fast-moving farce comedy about not much of anything. Frequently funny. 80%.

HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN (*All Star Cast*)—A good novel gone slightly wrong. The plot grows confused. The "Jazz age" theme overdone. Bebe Daniels is prominent in the cast, but has little to do. 80%.

Movie Weekly Recommends

"Anna Christie"
"Boy of Mine"
"Merry Go Round"
"Our Hospitality"
"The Ten Commandments"
"Name the Man"
"Courtship of Myles Standish"
"Black Oxen"
"The Heritage of the Desert"

THE HUMMING BIRD (*Gloria Swanson*)—A French Apache and war story made unusually interesting by the capable and out-of-the-ordinary acting of Gloria. 85%.

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING (*Blanche Sweet and Edmund Lowe*)—An unusually fine costume picture. It is romantic, dramatic and beautifully acted. Edmund Lowe makes a chivalrous figure. 90%.

IF WINTER COMES (*Percy Marmont*)—A. S. M. Hutchinson's famous novel brought a fraction too carefully to the screen. Marmont fine as the tragic hero, Mark Sabre. English settings beautifully reproduced. A good, human story. 90%.

A LADY OF QUALITY (*Virginia Valli*)—An old-fashioned lace and peruke melodrama of lords and ladies, villains and intrigue, in England of the XVIIth Century. Virginia Valli is picturesque, but uninspired. 80%.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED (*Percy Marmont*)—A distant relative of Kipling's famous novel of the same title, but interesting, for a' that. Marmont clinches the reputation he began with "If Winter Comes." 85%.

LONG LIVE THE KING (*Jackie Coogan*) — A charming fairy-tale sort of film in which Jackie plays the part of a young Prince. Little story and too much padding, but Jackie supplies more than enough entertainment to go 'round. 90%.

THE LOVE MASTER (*Strongheart*)—A typical Strongheart outdoor picture. Has some excellent scenery and several thrills. 75%.

THE LULLABY (*Jane Novak*)—Interesting chiefly for the remarkable performance of the star in three different roles. A rather tragic and slow-moving mother-love story. 85%.

NAME THE MAN (*Conrad Nagel*)—A superbly dramatic version of a Hall Caine novel. Infinitely well done from every standpoint. 95%.

OUR HOSPITALITY (*Buster Keaton*)—An even better-than-typical Buster Keaton comedy. More than the ordinary allotment of new gags and situations. Natalie Talmadge makes a splendid leading lady for Friend Husband. 90%.

PONJOLA (*Anna Q. Nilsson and James Kirkwood*)—A dramatic but slightly addled tale of Africa, based on Cynthia Stockley's popular novel. Miss Nilsson, her golden locks shorn for the purpose, masquerades as a man. 80%.

POTASH AND PERLMUT

(*Continued on page 30*)

Pauline Starke breaks Her Engagement

WHISPERS THE FILM FLAPPER

Pauline Starke and Jack White have broken their engagement and Pauline has given back that wonderful diamond ring that Jack gave her, and that she really ought to have kept.

As Barbara La Marr says, "A girl ought to keep all the rings a man gives her for all the trouble he is to her!"

"We are awfully good friends, though," declared Pauline, "really we don't quarrel nearly as much as we used to. Poor Jack has been sick for several days, and I go over and take him flowers and cigarettes every few days."

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Ralph Graves Becomes an Oil King

Ralph Graves has come back to Los Angeles, and was delighted to see that his youngster is as healthy as a kid can be. He left the little one with his mother in Hollywood, while he went to New York to appear in several pictures. But he says the baby recognized him! Fatuous papa!

While he was away from Hollywood, Ralph became an oil man. He bought some oil lands down in Texas, and he and others have organized a company known as the Johnsons Payou Prospecting Company, with headquarters in Houston, Texas. Prospects are bright for Ralph to make a lot of money when the company's wells begin to spout. But in the meantime he is depending on the good old make-up box.

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On with the New Loves, for Pola

Pola Negri is becoming a perfect gadabout. Having returned from the mountains, she is now making a trip to Catalina Island. No, Charlie Chaplin isn't over there. And if he were it wouldn't make a bit of difference to Pola. She is entertaining a half a dozen other admirers, these days, and "Sharlee" is quite forgotten.

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Pat O'Malley Turns Financier

Eileen O'Malley, Pat O'Malley's eight-year-old daughter, earned $600 in motion pictures in 1921. At the end of the year her father put the entire sum in Hollywood real estate for her—paid it down on a lot valued at $1,500, leaving the $900 on a three-year mortgage.

In less than a year the lot was sold for $2,500 and "Little Lady Eileen" had $1,600 cash to her credit. It was re-invested in two adjoining lots for which Pat contracted to pay, eventually, $5,000. Last week they were sold for $12,500. And now the child has $9,100 in the bank awaiting investment—besides the money she earned during the last two years.

"By the time she is grown she will have enough to support her in luxury, if Hollywood real estate is half as good an investment as I think it is," says Papa Pat.

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You Can't Call George Walsh Names in Any Language

When George Walsh goes to Europe, he isn't going to worry a single bit, because he is a linguist who can order food and a taxi in almost any country. He is expert at rattling off the Italian. No, he didn't learn it at college; he acknowledges he got his start in Italian by talking to a dago who ran a banana cart.

"Yes, we have some Italian," he said the other day.

But he kept on with the study with a private teacher. And now he can "say it with Italian" or any other language he wishes.

Pola need have no fear that anyone could "knock her over with a feather," in her costume for *"Shadows of Paris."*

Bessie Love Has a New Beau

Little Bessie Love has bobbed her hair. And she wears it lanky and uncurled. She doesn't seem quite like Bessie, somehow, but we suppose we shall get used to it. Otherwise she is her old sweet, engaging self.

And Bessie has a new beau. So it looks as though it were all off between her and Johnny Hines. The new beau is a Los Angeles business man. Bessie is one of those child-like and bland little girls that you never can tell about, somehow in affairs of the heart. Admirers just swarm and swarm.

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A Little Biography of Conway Tearle's

Spats, a monocle, his handkerchief up his sleeve and a purposely exaggerated English accent won Conway Tearle his first part on the American stage—as a cowboy in chaps and sombrero. He told me about it last week when "a stage Englishman," as Tearle disdainfully labels the variety, stopped to watch him work in "Lilies of the Field" at United Studios.

"I looked like that once myself," Tearle remarked. "I had spent most of my youth in England, though I was born in this country. I'd done well on the London stage and, hearing there was a demand here for English actors, I came over. The little cash reserve I had was eaten up in a poker game on board ship, and I was stoney when I landed. Frohman wanted an English type for a London society drama, I was told. So I laid it on thick—made the accent so broad I could hardly understand my own self. Frohman listened to my little piece, and laid a contract down in front of me. But instead of a London society part, it called for portrayal of a Western bad man! I never played it, because the play was abandoned. But it was a meal ticket for several weeks."

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Edith Allen Changes Her Name

Rex Ingram is always "discovering" someone. It was his "Four Horsemen" which first put Valentino on the screen map, and then he came along with Ramon Novarro, Barbara La Marr and Malcolm MacGregor, and now his latest find is Edith Allen.

Maybe you remember Edith as the second feminine lead in "Scaramouche?" Anyway, she created a great deal of favorable comment on the part of both critics and public, and her work is to be rewarded. Whitman Bennett and H. Clay Miner, jointly, have put her under contract for one picture, with an option on her services thereafter. Before Rex Ingram discovered her, she was a cabaret artist in Chicago and New York, and had only played a few minor roles in screen productions.

Miss Allen, however, announces that hereafter she is to be known as Hedda Lind. She feels that, inasmuch as she is three-quarters Scandinavian, she would like to use a name that would indicate her Swedish descent. The name Hedda was chosen out of sentiment for the greatest character in Scandinavian literature, "Hedda Gabler," and the surname of Lind was selected because the great Jenny Lind was an intimate friend of Miss Allen's grandmother and has become a part of the family traditions.

Miss Allen—or Miss Lind, as she will now be known, was the most promising actress, in the opinion of Mr. Bennett and Mr. Miner, of about a dozen young screen players interviewed. So it looks as if she were off for a good start on the road to fame.

What OUR Readers think of US

For the three best letters from our readers telling us what stories and articles in Movie Weekly they liked best in our most recent issue, and what stories and articles they liked least, Movie Weekly will pay a cash prize each week of $10.00 for the best letter, $5.00 for the second best, and $3.00 for the third best. Address your letters to MOVIE WEEKLY CONTEST DEPARTMENT, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

It has been one of my cravings to air my views a bit concerning your magazine, of which I am an inveterate reader. The opportunity having at length arrived, allow me to temper my criticisms by expressing my sincere regard for the worthiness of your periodical and my desire to cooperate with you in eliminating anything detrimental to its value.

Please do not ask me to like the stories. They are too unnatural, too lurid, too poorly written to warrant anything but an amused pity from the most ordinary of us. They underestimate our capacities too markedly. "The Girl Who Was Never Safe"—even its title condemns it—has reached the climax of things ludicrous when the wicked, wicked Don Morton is made to boast his own wickedness to the beautiful heroine. Your magazine is too fine for such drivel; your material is way above the average practically everywhere else. We "fans" really have better sense than you believe.

Then there was that contest you held in your Film Fans' Department about imaginary marriages between the "fans" and screen artists. Forgive me if I can find no grounds whatsoever upon which to justify such a conception. Aren't there enough movie-mad young things; aren't there enough sentimental no-accounts who fail to view even the best of our silver sheet personalities in any other light but a *personal* one? How must a person of such obvious integrity as Lois Wilson, for example, regard the airing of what should be purely her own sacred precincts? It's bad enough to realize that there are those who think these things without strengthening these thoughts through their voicing. Let us have contests, by all means, but let them be of a broader, finer interest. We think too much of our stars to tarnish them by public familiarity.

I have before me your New Year's edition, a smashing good Movie Weekly, with but the story as an exception, from cover to cover! Every article is interesting, constructive. Mary Alden's "New Secret About Women," in reality as old as Time itself, presents the actress' interpretation of an ancient instinct. Too many people live their lives in ignorance or vague uncertainty of its existence. And the startling statement attributed to the estimable Richard Dix! Certainly "it's the women who are to blame" in this instance. How many Blue Law bigots take into consideration even the instance!

Personally, I enjoy your Film Flapper Department. Instinctively, I turn to the news about the players; their travels, bits of repartee, their latest work. I enjoy watching them climb and sharing their ambitious struggles.

Let us have more of your splendid articles, more well-worded criticisms to guide us in our movie-going; and a long and successful career will be Movie Weekly's.
MRS. H. C. KIRCHNER.

Brightest stars of screen and stage — *"Doug"* and *John Barrymore.*

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

The last part of a book might often be read by a woman first. However, the cover creates the first impression and cannot be given too much stress. The picture of Miss Lois Wilson on the cover is wonderful and very appropriate.

"Life Is Just Like That," was wonderful, being in memory of Martha Mansfield, who had many admirers to mourn her tragic death.

"Confessions of a Movie Wardrobe Mistress." This is a wonderful story, revealing movie studio life and its many pitfalls.

"Sisters Under Their Make-Up" (In Pictures). Pictures are what we want and the success of Movie Weekly can be attributed to this feature.

"A New Secret About Women." This story might appeal to some and I found it interesting; however, I believe that if written in a more simplified manner, it would have been more appealing to the many readers of your magazine.

"Crashing the Studio Gate." The film fans will welcome this story and will receive many good pointers, if they desire to visit any of the studios.

"Everybody Loves a Fat Woman." We all love a fat woman and are pleased to hear of their successful entry into the movies; however, this story had not much charm for me.

"Will Hollywood Soon Be 'To Let?'" An interesting and well-illustrated story. Contains news.

"Alice Terry—Art Portrait." A very good portrait.

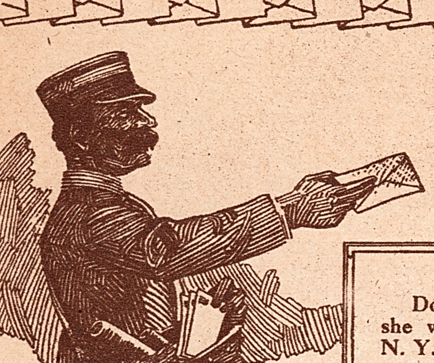
"Richard Dix Blames the Women" I enjoyed very much. It reveals the character of a real man, and pays a fitting tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Wally Reid. It also shows the many temptations encountered in the movies.

"The Latest Photoplays." Well illustrated. I like this, as it keeps a man in more or less close contact with the actors and their movie world.

"Edmund Lowe—Art Portrait." This is another good portrait suitable for the cover.

"The Girl on the Cover." This life story of Miss Wilson I enjoyed very much. I might suggest that more real life stories of the screen stars be run.

"The Girl Who Was Never Safe" is a "humdinger" for love and fiction. I enjoyed every word of it and am more than anxious to receive the next issue of Movie Weekly. I believe this story to be paramount. (*Continued on page 26*)



Fan Has Fallen In Love With Lois Wilson

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

M. A. G.—Such patience as yours deserves a reward, so here are your answers. J. Warren Kerrigan lives at 1743 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Harrison Ford is in his thirties. Theodore Kosloff's address is Famous Players' Studio, Astoria, Long Island. Robert Agnew, same address.

KID A-NO. 1—Well, maybe you can kid A-No. 1, but you can't kid me. Bebe Daniels is twenty-two and unmarried. Norma Talmadge is twenty-six and is Mrs. Joseph Schenck. See SALLY ANN.

BABY BLUE EYES—With eyes of baby blue, I suppose, you drive a Ford because of its rattle. Gordon Griffith is about sixteen; no, he is not related to Corinne or D. W. Write Ivor Novello at the D. W. Griffith office, 1476 Broadway, New York. He has gone back to his home in England. He is the son of Clara Novello Davies, the singer.

BLUE EYES—Say, what is this, an epidemic of blue eyes? That must be because this is blue Monday. William Russell is divorced from Charlotte Burton. He is in his late thirties; write him at the Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood. Richard Dix is twenty-nine, Edward Hearn, thirty-five and Helene Chadwick, twenty-six.

ALDON LA JOIE—Something tells me you rather like Maurice Flynn. He is about six feet one and a blonde. He went to Yale and was a very famous football player there. He is divorced from Blanche Palmer. He played in too many pictures for me to publish a list of them, but his latest is "Hell's Hole." Did you see his picture in Movie Weekly for June 9, 1923?

JUST A HART—So Lois Wilson has entered your heart to stay? I think Lois has probably entered many hearts. Write her at the Famous Players' Studio, Astoria, Long Island.

SUNSHINE — Good morning, merry Sunshine. Betty Compson plays under her real name, I believe. She was born in Salt Lake City.

CONWAY TEARLE'S DEVOTED ADMIRER — So you think Conway looked just like a boy in "Ashes of Vengeance?" Well, I don't know whether he would want to look like that or not. Yes, he is married, to Adele Rowland. He is now working at the Famous Players' Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, in "The Next Corner." Watch for him also in "Black Oxen" and "The Dangerous Maid."

FORGET-ME-NOT — Yes, it's an old question, as to whether I look like my picture in Movie Weekly. What is your guess? Thomas Meighan and Frances Ring have been married about ten years. Norma and Constance Talmadge are both playing in pictures all the time. Norma is the older.

JACK H.—I never heard of Wallie Van's playing in pictures.

JULIA—Where have you been hiding, that you don't know where Rudolph came from? He was born and bred in Italy. He hasn't made any pictures for two years, but he is about to make "Monsieur Beaucaire." Jackie Coogan's latest is "Long Live the King." He is only making two pictures a year now. Write him, Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood.

BABE—I'm glad you're proud of me, Babe. But remember, pride goeth before a fall. I shouldn't want you to fall. Frank Mayo is thirty-seven. Gloria Swanson was formerly married to Wallace Beery and then to Herbert Somborn. Irene Castle was divorced last summer from Robert Treman and now she is Mrs. McLaughlin. Yes, she seems to have discontinued her screen work, at least for the present. Marie Prevost is twenty-five.

SALLY ANN—I'll bet you're a good old-fashioned girl, with a name like that. Louise Lorraine is about twenty and unmarried. She was born in San Francisco. Robert Frazer is not married, so far as I know. Vernon Steele played Austin in "What Wives Want." His newest picture is "Alice Adams."

A GEORGE O'HARA ADMIRER—Yes, George has hundreds of admirers. His address is F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, where he is playing in the new "Telephone Girl" series. There were two series of "Fighting Blood," twelve rounds in each series. He was born in New York City; he is five feet eight inches tall and a blue-eyed blond. He is not married.

Glenn Hunter's dog in *"Grit"* pants his way right into our hearts.

KING TUT—I see your stationery is quite "doggy." No, Marion Davies is not married. Gloria Swanson is about twenty-seven. Her address is Famous Players' Studio, Astoria, L. I. Baby Peggy is five; write her at 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.

D. D. T.—Evidently you keep an address book. Bebe Daniels lives at 3301 N. Adams St., Los Angeles. Write Charles De Roche at the Famous Players' Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Ramon Novarro is abroad making a picture, but you might write him at the Metro office, 1540 Broadway, New York. Address Walter McGrail at the Lambs' Club, W. 44th St., N. Y.

SWEETIE AND SWEETER—That's much too sweet for me. There's no sugar shortage around my house. Ruth Roland's leading man in "White Eagle" was Bruce Gordon. Her address is 605 S. Norton Ave., Los Angeles. Yes, Charles Jones is married. Pearl White is living in Paris now.

AIRY FAIRY LILLIAN—Yes, Doris Kenyon is making "The Love Bandit" for Vitagraph—14th and Locust Sts., Brooklyn. See RALDON LA JOIE. Sylvia Breamer's address is 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.

DOROTHY GREEN—The kind of car Ben Lyon drives? Well, I'm afraid that's too much for me. Why don't you write and ask him at the United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles? He's a very agreeable young man and would probably tell you. See KING TUT.

A BLUE-EYED BLONDIE—More blue eyes! What's become of all the brown eyes? Robert Frazer's address is 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles.

DEER FRENCHIE KIVIAT—You love a man whose name you don't know! Aren't you the romantic girl, though! Mitchell in "Cordelia the Magnificent" was played by Lewis Dayton. He has played in only a few pictures—including, by the way, Dorothy Phillips' "Slander the Woman"—but has already made a huge hit. I'm sorry I don't know more about him.

BIDDY THE BLONDE—Another blonde! Some slick salesman must have been around selling blondine lately. Buck Jones lives in Los Angeles—at 1954 Crasena Drive.

COLONEL FAN—How flattering! Even the old Colonel has a fan! As to why they don't publish my picture in Movie Weekly, it's too great a risk. I don't want to lose both my readers. Tom Mix's wife played on the stage before her marriage, as Victoria Forde. T. Roy Barnes played Happy Jack in "The Old Homestead." Alice Terry is twenty-seven.

MISS CLAYTON'S ADMIRER—Tough luck for her admirers. Ethel Clayton isn't playing in pictures any more. And I've no idea where she can be reached these days. Elliott Dexter was married last spring to Mrs. Nina Untermyer.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

The Confessions of a Movie Wardrobe Mistress

(Continued from page 11)

could drive he had not guessed what sort of a job it would be. It took an expert driver, one thoroughly familiar with horses, to crouch in the back of the wagon and guide those horses by peeping through the slits under the seat.

"Is there anybody here who can drive?" Paul asked impatiently, his eyes sweeping the throng.

No one answered. It seemed odd, all the crowd of brave warriors who were to do so much whooping and yelling in the revolution, yet not one of them with nerve enough to drive a pair of horses! Paul was at his wits' end. The precious sunlight might fade soon. Already two days had been wasted with a consequent loss of several thousand dollars to the company on account of salaries and hotel bills which went right on in spite of the rain.

I SAW Barty speak to Paul. They both turned and looked toward De Saulles, who was lounging in the background, exchanging a word now and then with the bobbed-haired flapper. To my utter amazement Paul called to him and asked him if he would drive the team. Suddenly I remembered that De Saulles was an expert horseman, having spent several summers on a large western ranch. Once or twice before he had saved the situation when a good driver was necessary. He came toward us indifferently.

"This is my vacation, you know. I'm not exactly looking for work——"

"I know, old man, but do it this once, just as a favor," coaxed Paul. "You can see I am up against it."

"Oh, all right," replied De Saulles good-naturedly, as he climbed into the carriage and concealed himself under the seat. Hazel threw me a startled glance. I sent her a silent message of reassurance. My common-sense told me that De Saulles would hardly dare any tricks here. He could not wreck the carriage without injuring himself. In fact, Hazel would be safer with him driving, because he was a good hand with horses. Everybody round the lot admitted that. He could ride like a demon and the most spirited team obeyed his firm pull on the reins. It seemed rather a grim joke that his good points were so mixed with the bad that always he was able to restore himself into the good graces of those he had offended by doing them some good turn.

In his relief at being able to go ahead with the scene, Paul was ready to forget De Saulles' crooked work behind the camera. As director of the company, it was up to Paul to get results and De Saulles had saved the day for him.

"All ready! Camera!" Paul shouted jubilantly. Marford tried to spring into the carriage. The soldiers seized him. Rifles popped. The horses sprang forward. Down the white road the carriage flew, Hazel clinging to the seat. Right at the desired spot they were brought up short by a clever twist of the concealed wire reins. Guards ran out and grasped their heads.

"Good! Cut!" called Paul, much elated. "That was great."

They made the second "take" and it was as successful as the first. I noticed that De Saulles helped Hazel out of the carriage when it was all over. She scarcey glanced at him, but he, also, seemed as indifferent as though he had never seen her before. Somehow, I felt immensely relieved. *That* was all over, I thought. Thank goodness, the wretch had lost interest in her and Hazel would now be safe from annoyance.

HOW little I knew men—that is, men of the De Saulles type!

Clouds had gone over the sun and it had started to rain again, so there was nothing to do but pack up the cameras and return to the hotel. A long afternoon stretched before us with nothing to do. San Diego, while offering plenty of diversion while the weather was nice, had little to offer on a rainy day. Personally, I welcomed the chance to rest and so did May, but it was hard on Hazel and the other young girls of the company. They were sitting in the lobby playing cards when I went up to my room after lunch.

I took a nap and read some. At six o'clock I went down to dinner. It had stopped raining about three o'clock, but was still dark and gloomy. Only about half the company was in the dining room. Hazel and the other three girls did not appear, though I lingered over my coffee till nearly seven, chatting with May.

"They've probably decided to eat somewhere else," said May. "Young folks like variety."

It was not quite daylight when I was aroused by a pounding on my door. Hardly awake, I threw on a dressing gown and stumbled to the door. There stood Barty, his round, freckled face pale and weary-looking. His clothes were damp and wrinkled. He looked as though he had been up all night.

"Mrs. Loring," he said in a low tone, to keep from arousing others on the floor, "you'd better hurry and get dressed and come on down to Tia Juana with me. Hazel has disappeared."

My senses reeled. I grasped at the door for support.

"Disappeared? Tia Juana?" I gasped. "But how could she? What——"

"Listen," said Barty gently, taking my arm. "She went down there yesterday afternoon with three other girls. De Saulles drove them down with that team they used in the picture. The rest of the girls went in some place to get a drink. Hazel was waiting for them outside in the carriage. When they came out—Hazel had disappeared as though the earth had swallowed her. We've hunted all night. I thought you had better know."

"Can't the police do anything? Does Paul know?" I asked.

"The police couldn't do anything. Tia Juana is on Mexican soil, you know," replied Barty. "Besides, Paul doesn't want to make any public talk of it if it can possibly be avoided. You know what those orders were about women of the company not going to Tia Juana."

"Yes, yes," I groaned. Too well I knew. Whether she came back to us safely or not, Hazel Vance's career in motion pictures was finished. Oh, what had the foolish, misguided girl meant by disobeying orders? True, she had not been alone, but being dropped by the company would mean little to the other three. They were only extras employed for a few days, anyway. But with Hazel—a promising career was before her. She was Jack Marford's leading lady. She was being discussed for still higher honors if she made good in the part. And she had been making good. Paul was delighted with her work and predicted splendid things for her.

And now this! Flinging away all her chances just for a few brief hours of pleasure. Oh, I could not understand it. Mentally I reconstructed a picture of what must have occurred the previous afternoon as I flung on my clothes. Into the monotony of a rainy, manless afternoon De Saulles had come with the proposition that they all drive down to Tia Juana. Hazel, thinking the presence of the other girls would protect her, had yielded to the temptation. Just a moment's impulse, just a mad caprice to be paid for with—what?

The worry over what I knew must be the termination of Hazel's picture career was blotted from my mind momentarily by the urgent anxiety over what had befallen her. Who knew what ill fate might happen to a young girl in that sinister land below the border? The town was a mecca for all sorts of outlaws and desperadoes. Evil-looking Mexicans were always hanging about. A mile away, across the flat grey plains, lay the old town of Tia Juana, which was strictly under Mexican rule. It was just a jumble of adobe houses and filthy dens of vice. A white woman was not safe alone there even in the day-time.

As we climbed into the waiting automobile, I realized that I did not yet know half the details. What about De Saulles? Where was he? What did he say? Where were the other girls?

Barty gave me a meaning look when I asked my first question. He knew about De Saulles' pursuit of Hazel.

"He's gone, too," he said in a low tone. "We can't find him anywhere."

THEN indeed I almost collapsed. That sleek, purring villain, masking his sinister plans with pretended indifference and deceiving us with his assumed interest in other women!

"He disappeared from the dance hall where they went to get a drink after they had been there only a few moments," Barty said. "We questioned all the girls—half a dozen other fellows from the company who were down there with me have been helping in the search. The girls all say they never saw De Saulles after he left them for a moment at the bar. When they came out of the hall, Hazel and the team had disappeared, too. The girls became anxious and came over to the race track, looking for me. That was about five o'clock in the afternoon. We started hunting. We questioned everybody. No one remembered having seen a carriage with a young lady in it. As for the gambling crowd, they are always so busy watching the races or the games they don't do much looking around, and those Mexicans! You can't believe what they say. But it seems impossible for De Saulles to have kidnapped her and driven off without anybody noticing it. I don't believe Hazel would go with him willingly, do you?"

"I know she wouldn't," I cried. "She would have screamed and everyone would have noticed. Oh, Barty, we must get the police to help us, or the soldiers! Why, the child has been gone over twelve hours. There's no telling what may have happened."

Barty then went on to tell me that the other three girls had come back to San Diego by train, a very subdued and frightened lot. Paul had scolded them roundly and informed them that their little escapade would hurt their chances of getting work round all the studios of Hollywood. Paul, I gathered, was completely disgusted with Hazel.

"She had promise, but she was continually causing a disturbance and such a girl is no good around a studio," he had remarked curtly to Barty, when giving orders to him to use all the men he needed in the search. Of course Hazel's absence effectually canceled all picture making, even if the sun did come out. Nothing could be done until she was found.

The sun did come out bright and clear just as we drove into Tia Juana, having procured our passes to enter Mexico just before we left United States soil. The gay little flags on top of the race course grand stand were fluttering. It was too early for many people to be about. Sleepy-looking bartenders were polishing their glasses. One or two horses were out for an early morning spin around the track. It suddenly dawned upon me that here I was in this fascinating place of adventure against the company's orders! I was too worried to care. Besides, I knew that if the news of Hazel's disappearance did reach the studio

(Continued on page 30)

Would You Like to be One of Our Editors?

You know, it used to be said that a woman always read the last part of a book first.

When you read Movie Weekly, do you ever stop and think which page you first turn to and which page, after all, you have enjoyed the most?

Movie Weekly wants its readers to write and tell just what stories or articles they liked best in the most recent issue, and why; just what stories or articles they liked least, and why; and just how Movie Weekly can be improved so that its thousands of friends all over the world who read Movie Weekly will enjoy it more.

For the best letter on this subject we will give a prize of $10.00 each week.

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And for the third best letter, a prize of $3.00 each week.

Address your letters to MOVIE WEEKLY CONTEST DEPT., Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York.

The Trail I Struck to Hollywood

(Continued from page 15)

roses in her hand. She held them down for me to inhale their fragrance.

"Dear Jimmy," I murmured. "He is so true and fine, isn't he, mother?"

"Jimmy is the salt of the earth, daughter," was her answer.

All of that day I remained in bed, trying to recover my exhausted strength. The rest, and nourishing food did wonders for my body. But, as I lay there in bed, my thoughts brought a pathetic sort of hopelessness to my soul and mind which only a few hours before had been strong with a zest for the life that had already begun to spread its vision of happiness and success before me.

MR. BARROW was busily engaged in a conference when I called upon him, as requested, for the first time since his ill-timed visit at our apartment. Miss ——— gave me his message, which was to the effect that I should call at his studio that same evening about nine, if possible. I left word with her that I would be there, and went downtown to do some shopping which I had long neglected.

I found him the same courteous, interested Mr. Barrow that I had always known. He acted as if he had never been a party to the most dramatic event in my life. In fact, there was nothing about his manner or words to hint such a thing. However, intuition, or imagination, made me a victim of the idea that underneath all of his usual kindness and solicitude, there was an aloofness which he was camouflaging by his subtlety and diplomacy.

"This picture may be a flat failure from a financial standpoint," he told me after giving an outline of the story, "because it is, you must admit, a trifle off the compass when it comes to following the set course for movie entertainment. But, the time is fast approaching when this test must be made. The future of the films depends, in my estimation, upon the breaking away from the obvious path being followed now. There must be some departure if we are to reach the same kind of artistry on the screen as we have reached on the stage and in literature. An intelligent public is already growing impatient and restless because of what can be called "the standardized" ration of movie entertainment being offered. I intend to do this picture as a gesture towards finding out whether or not the time is ripe for us to break away from the stereotyped formula. It is my idea of a story—a dream story, perhaps, which every one will not feel towards as I do."

I listened to his words with my heart in a tumult. To me he was all of the romance and adventure of the ages contined in one man. He was a leader—a dreamer—a pioneer—an idealist! In that moment I knew that his story was my story—not because I was going to interpret it for him as an actress—but, because I believed in its appeal, its charm, and felt the spell of its glamorous magic. Already his words alone had cast me into the role of Nonanta, the girl who knew the stories of the stars graining the skies of South Sea isles with lustrous gold—and, the song of purple waves filling the summer nights with music.

Before I left I asked him to tell me what he had meant the night of his call by saying that the part of Nonanta would be mine on a condition which he never explained, on account of Eddie Marsden's arrival. I hoped this question would lead him to ask me something about that night, for I wanted to explain it to him, that he might know the truth of many things which must have been left in the dark for him, leaving as he did.

But, Mr. Barrow merely answered that as the part called for a girl who was able to do a great deal of swimming stunts, my taking it would have to depend upon whether or not I was a capable swimmer. Although I had never had any real swimming experience in the sea, I was a good swimmer due to the fact that everyone in my Georgia town swam a great deal in the river nearby.

When I realized that I could not lead him to the topic I wanted to discuss before leaving I felt the impulse to start talking about it myself. I did not want to have him believe some of the things he had heard, nor did I want him to form a false judgment of me from the situation in which Eddie Marsden's appearance put me. I could not help but remember that Eddie said he knew Jimmy and I were in love.

However, with no opportunity to open up the subect I could not muster nerve enough to start it out of a clear sky. At last, after we had gone over all the details of the trip to Hollywood and the South Seas, it was decided that the company start for California in one week's time. My mother was to accompany me, he said, at the company's expense. He named the amount of my salary. It staggered me. Five hundred dollars a week!

"Of course, you understand," explained Mr. Barrow, "that I cannot go any higher on this picture. We have got to see how it goes over. If everything works out O. K. the next feature you do will be made on a readjusted salary basis."

I could have run up and thrown my arms around his neck. In the soft orange dimness of his luxurious studio he made an appeal to me that was stronger than anything I had ever felt before in all my life. And, his kindness only served to increase his appeal to me.

"If ever a girl realized her dream coming true in a hurry, it is I," I thought as the idea of five hundred dollars a week, and being a highly featured player came dashing through my mind. I got up to go with great reluctance for I was possessed of the fear that once outside the wonderful room, and his magnetic presence I would wake up, and find that everything was truly a dream, and nothing more.

As I passed near a table my attention was caught by the sight of the scattered sheets of a story manuscript. It looked as if a great gust of wind had mussed it all up.

"That's not the story we are going to do now, is it, Mr. Barrow?" I asked, curious.

My question appeared to startle Mr. Barrow. A strange look came over his face as his eyes roved from the pile of papers to me. For the first time I saw the perfect poise of the great producer shattered a trifle. His eyes so used to their commanding glances grew somewhat wistful—saddened, I thought. A flicker of a smile came to his lips.

"No, that's a story I have just started to write. Perhaps—my next production after we come back," he said slowly.

"Oh, how wonderful Mr. Barrow! May I just peep at it?" I begged.

"Y-e-s," he replied, as if he was not any too anxious for me to do so. I guess it was my desire to read anything he had written that persuaded me to pick up some pages in spite of his apparent hesitancy.

"Youth Must Be Served" was the title on the first page that stuck in my mind.

I read that title over several times, aware that Mr. Barrow's eyes were watching me as I know he had never watched me before. The first few paragraphs became like streaks of blurred type as the consciousness of his gaze grew upon me. At last, however, my eyes began to make sense of some things. From what I could gather in those few moments it seemed as if the story was about a man of thirty-eight who loved a beautiful young girl—but the girl loved a boy a few years her senior. It did not matter that he was penniless, and that the older man was rich and powerful. Youth and romance were on the side of the young man, and they were strong enough to sway the girl.

"It is only beginning—crudely. Just the germ of a new idea I hope to develop out of an ages old situation; that of the man past the rose-colored days of youth who loves a girl belonging to springtime when he should be married to a woman of autumn time. I—I ought to know how to write this story because I am almost thirty-eight—and I have been twenty-four, once—long ago," he finished. Again that wistful look came into his eyes.

I stood on trembling legs, not four feet away from him, as he spoke. It would have been but a twinkling movement for me to have rushed to him in that second and told him the thing that was in my heart to say. I wanted to tell him that to me, at least, he was so much more than just youth and romance—He was a MAN; a tremendous power; someone to look to for inspiration, and strength; and, for all of these things he had about him the lure of a night under the stars.

Of course I didn't do this. Instead I stood there, awed by the quivering of my lips, and the pounding of my heart.

"Good night. Mr.—Barrow," I said after seconds had passed.

"Good night—Margery," he returned, holding out his hand.

The sound of my name, spoken for the first time by him, and the strength of his fingers pressing mine "goodnight" did something to me which at that moment I could not describe. But, today I know that his voice and his touch had the same effect as does a glass of sparkling champagne!

I went out of the studio, flaming with soft fire. The cool clear air in the street steadied me some and I walked homewards wondering what Fate meant by casting me into the life of John Barrow.

THE long train ride to California thrilled me every moment. We had a wonderful compartment, and with all of the porters waiting on us hand and foot I felt like a real queen going some place on a visit. Mr. Barrow did everything possible for our comfort, but he kept by himself most of the time, having excused his aloofness on the grounds that he had quite a lot of reading and writing to do before all of the scenario was in perfect shape.

Many times as the long, steaming train rushed over the rails into strange scenes, I turned away from the window, and the new country flashing by outside, to steal a glance

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Marriage Not Made In Heaven

(*Continued from page 9*)

couples on whose part the divorce was wanted by only one partner. Consequently the woman who desired to cut loose from her original spouse to marry another man, or vice versa, would be less liable to entangle herself in outside amours if she were certain that her husband would not give his full consent to the divorce which would make it possible to marry another man.

The effect of such a law in Norway has been to decrease, perceptibly, the demands for divorce. It is my belief that Rupert Hughes would be doing a great thing for America if he sat down and wrote a searching screen drama of the divorce evil, as brought about by the many laws we already have in this country to take care of this situation. A story founded on the mutual consent theme might be an eye-opener to all of us.

His final conclusion after thinking over his experience as a guest of the Judge's contains a thought which may be of some pertinent assistance to any one considering matrimony, or any one considering divorce:

"As long as a man and woman play well together, they will be happy as man and wife. But they are like kids, when they begin to scrap, they ought to move away and keep out of each others' back yards," he declared.

What Our Readers Think of Us

(*Continued from page 22*)

"The Mail Man" is a dandy, and I have heard comment from other readers who thought the same. A lot of real thrills; I am anxiously awaiting your next issue.

"Gladys Walton Expects a Visitor." Very good news—I am sure we all wish to hear from you later.

"The Colonel Answers Questions." Well, you certainly do have a real Colonel and you had better hang on to him, for he is a dandy. That boy knows everything, as evidenced by his witty, humorous answers.

"Brief Movie Reviews." Very enlightening and we sometimes turn to this feature first; however, if space would permit, I believe it would be a good idea to consolidate this feature with "The Latest Photoplays" and illustrate.

In my opinion, Movie Weekly is more to be praised than censured. The Editor knows his business!

WALDO BERKHEIMER.

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This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

In a wholesale fashion I should condemn the "confession" articles and the pseudo-fiction that appears in the Movie Weekly; and in the same fashion I should approve of the informational articles, the reviews and the interviews that appear.

Illustrating what I mean, by using the January 5th issue, I have enjoyed least "The Confessions of a Movie Wardrobe Mistress," "The Girl Who Was Never Safe" and "The Mail Man." There is an element of cheapness, of the spectacular about these articles that detracts from the good qualities of a reliable magazine.

On the other hand, I have never read an article better done than James Craig Gordon's "Life Is Just Like That." Of course, I would not have someone die each week in order to give Mr. Gordon a chance to write such articles, but the article is good. I am speaking from the point of view of a journalist.

Gladys Hall's "A New Secret About Women" is also well done, and well worth doing. "Will Hollywood Soon Be 'To Let?'" is the kind of article that I should like to see oftener. The article on Richard Dix is also well done, and interesting. We are always glad to hear "intimacies" of celebrities, especially when they live the life Dix lives.

The play reviews are what I always look for first each week when I buy my copy of the "Weekly." On the whole I have found them reliable.

Cut out the fiction and the "confessions"—which are always read with an element of doubt—and give us a magazine that we can look to for reliable information about what is going on in the moving picture world.

C. T. RYAN.

No Girl Should Come to Hollywood without Money

(*Continued from page 7*)

"Don't go to live in a big hotel or apartment house, I would say to the girl seeking a job. Bring your mother along, or live in a private family where the home influences are refined.

"If you are a gossip, cut it out. The studios don't want trouble makers. I know one woman, a featured player, who is often let out of engagements and misses others because she is such a terrible gossip that she has a whole studio by the ears if she remains there a week.

"Don't get discouraged too soon. Give the old business a chance. If you find stardom out of reach, but find a demand for your services in lesser roles, be content. In rare cases, you know, a star has been made of a person well past middle age. I know one old man who had played on the stage all his life until he was past sixty. Then he came into pictures. He fairly starved, he and his old wife, for ten years. Then along came the great role. It was glorious! It must have seemed to him like being born again! For now he has a big salary and a beautiful home."

In other words, girls, stop, look and listen, before hiking out for Movieland!

When Is a Woman Too Old To Go In Pictures?

(*Continued from page 5*)

isn't troubled again by a call from his particular studio. Thereby she loses one opportunity. If she does the same thing elsewhere, she is barred from another studio and so keeps lessening her chances for a career.

"You know, there are too many people anxious to be in pictures for companies to keep after a girl, no matter how beautiful or talented the delinquent one may be."

All of which sounded logical enough to us.

"It's a strange thing," continued Miss Rich, "but the younger girls seem to be more ambitious than their older sisters, and that is why the youngsters more often land on the top of the pile. They are generally tireless in their efforts to succeed. There most decidedly is a chance for the girl of twenty-five or thirty if she means business."

Miss Rich, who has the laugh on calories, paused to order some chocolate ice cream.

"If a girl doesn't 'get anywhere' in the movies, in a year," continued our hostess, "I'd advise her to give it up and try some other work or profession. Please get me right about this—I don't mean that she should be a star or a featured player or even have big parts within twelve months, but she should have her feet on the right path so that the chance to do a part seems not only possible, but probable.

"A girl can easily tell whether she's getting along in the movies just as she can tell if she is progressing in any work. There are never-failing indications. If she is selected from the crowd to be the group 'close-uped'—to coin a word—in the picture, she may feel pretty sure that the director sees something in her that is a little more than average."

Incidentally, it has taken Irene Rich less than four years to travel the stony road that lies between the extra and the featured player. Through hard work and "stick-to-it-iveness" she has reached an enviable position in the picture world. Of course the regular features and the lovely eyes and the delightful sense of humor may have helped some, but then, as Merton would say, "Hard work and the constant struggling toward an ideal" made her what she is today. We hope she's satisfied! We, as a member of the great movie-going public, are darn well pleased!

The Wickedest Eyes In The World

(*Continued from page 3*)

enigmatically—because somewhere there's a trace of laughter hidden away.

And this makes him hesitate. Men do not like to be laughed at by women—particularly young and pretty women; it's disturbing to them; very. They hate it as they hate anything destructive to their self-esteem. And when they look into the eyes of Dagmar Godowsky, they see a dancing light of laughter back of the green-brown depths that beckons hauntingly and sweetly—but laughter.

Well! Are they good eyes or are they bad eyes? he wonders. Certainly they're very nice to look at, with their lovely evanescent coloring and their almond-shaped lids. You know how men—most men—fall for almond eyes? Well, Dagmar's eyes are almond-shaped and of a color that sends you peering without respite into their green-brown depths to learn what hue they really are. And gradually you reach a conclusion:

What kind of eyes are they, these strangely colored orbs that glow lambently with invitation and challenge, with laughter and reproof? Slowly, regretfully, you come to realize that they are wicked eyes—if that means anything at all. They are wicked eyes that can lure you and fascinate you out of your senses, but which hold, like a sparkling bead upon wine, a hint of laughter in their depths that is like a dash of cold water after a space of tropic sunshine.

Perhaps you saw her in "Red Lights." It was an exotic role calculated to reveal the siren-like qualities of the wrecker of homes and the smasher of hearts. But we fear that from your seat in the movie theatre and with the limitations of photography, you were unable to realize the haunting power of the Godowsky eyes. It's their color that makes them, and color, of course, is lost upon the screen. Which is your own peculiar misfortune.

But if you had sat beside her, as we have done frequently, and watched the indescribable witchery of their play, changing with her moods, you would realize that there are eyes and *eyes*. Your wife, your best girl, your sister has eyes, but they are just eyes—not *eyes*. And when you have seen Godowsky's, you realize what eyes can be—the eyes of a Russian aristocrat and of an extraordinarly alert personality.

Man, mere man, never gets to know a woman with eyes like these; she lives within herself, a law completely unto herself.

But the mystery and the bewildering charm of such eyes—the windows of the spirit lying back of them—upon the man who looks into them, is eternally potent. They are at once his blessing and his bane. Once he has beheld them, he is as one cursed; he cannot forget them, and if he looks into them too often, his peace of mind, his serenity of soul, are forever lost, for they are wicked eyes—the wickedest, and the very wickedest, in all the world.

By Divine Right

(*Continued from page 19*)

fficiency of your work. I like you just for ourself alone, see? I don't care what kind of work you do. I just want you round near me, that's all. 'Cause I like you, see?"

In spite of all she could do, Mildred felt her spine stiffening in protest at this bold avowal of interest and infatuation. There were some things, she knew now, for which she could not stand, and this, she feared dismally, was one of them. She hated the thought of leaving Trent's employ after having established herself in the powerful politician's office, but the behavior of her backbone during the latter part of his speech warned her that she might not be able to "carry on."

There were assuredly some things, she realized, that one simply could not stand.

She glanced up and found him watching her with eager, hungry eyes. She strove to appear unconcerned as she readjusted her notebook. If she could appear sufficiently unconcerned, she thought, he might postpone any further confidences to a future time, in which event she would have the chance of thinking her way clear out of this horrible, blind alley.

She moved slightly, shifting her pencil to a position for instant use and hoping that her gesture might distract him temporarily and impel him to start upon his morning's dictation. But Trent's mind, controlled now by the madness of the one idea, was not amenable to such suggestion. Rather, it served to goad him to more definite action.

"You betcher," he said softly, leaning forward and touching her on the arm.

Mildred retreated slightly. She knew, as she did so, that she risked offending her employer mortally. She knew that her gesture of retreat and repugnance now might prove fatal to the position she filled and which she depended upon to yield the common necessities of life. But, regardless, she retreated.

"What's the matter, girlie?" Trent muttered, as Mildred moved her chair back a bit.

Still dazed, Mildred was beginning to find herself somewhat.

"You-er," she said slowly, "you-er—have a wife, have you not, Mr. Trent?"

A deep flush suffused the heavy features of the politician. He was annoyed at the reminder but the gentle nature of the inquiry, although it had annoyed him, had not failed to dampen his ardor for the girl who pressed it.

"That don't matter, girlie," he replied. "I like you, and that's all there is to it. Just you and me, that's all."

But the explanation did not seem to satisfy his secretary. Mildred heard it with increased repugnance, not surprised particularly, but fearing it might prove to be the overture to further advances from this man whom, she was now quite sure, she cordially detested.

"It matters to me, Mr. Trent," she said quietly.

A baffled sense of having encountered a stone wall invaded Trent, and it exasperated him fiercely. He was not used to having his will thwarted in such fashion, and his customary poise deserted him.

"Come here," he said hoarsely.

Mildred looked up in surprise, still doubting the evidence of her ears and thinking that his summons was something in the way of business. But the expression on his face was unmistakable. She shrank back in a shudder of protest.

"Come here," he repeated hoarsely, reaching forward and grasping her by the arm.

Mildred rose instantly to her feet, her feelings in riotous revolt.

"Let me go, Mr. Tent," she requested, as she sought to free her arm from his grasp.

"Oh, no," he grunted, rising with her. "I like you, kid; I've liked you ever since you first came in here, and I've known you long enough now—to get a kiss."

A feeling of unutterable revulsion swept over Mildred. She shrank from his touch, where his hand clutched her arm, as though he had been plague-stricken. She wished only now to be free of his presence and of this office in which she was employed, come what may . . . .

"Gimme a kiss," Trent's voice was saying hoarsely, as he bent avidly toward her.

With a sudden violent movement, Mildred broke from him. "You swine!" she cried. And she turned toward the door.

The eyes of Trent narrowed in a pig-like focus.

"You'll be sorry for that," he barked angrily.

But the loud slam of a door in his face was all he got in response. His secretary had left his office.

What happened to Mildred, alone in the world and dependent upon her own efforts in securing a livelihood? Was she able to obtain other work or was she driven to . . . ? Read the next startling instalment of this fascinating story in next week's double number of Movie Weekly.

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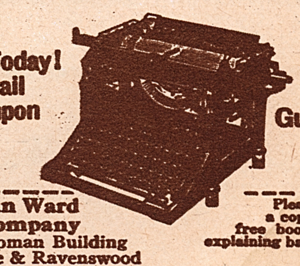

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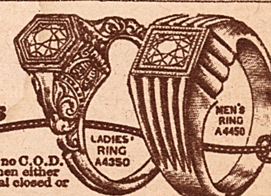

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The Trail I Struck to Hollywood

(*Continued from page 25*)

at the man whose very word had become law to my whole being. Sometimes he did not seem so busy with the scenario, for his eyes were looking off into space. But, of course he might have been dreaming about his work.

HOLLYWOOD!

"Which one does Mary Pickford work in? Where is Charlie Chaplin's?—and, the Talmadge, and the Famous Players studios?" I asked, all at once. Mr. Barrow pointed out the diferent studios as best he could. I could not take my eyes off of the scene that was all but enchantment to me. Every time I saw a person coming up the street I strained my eyes to recognize him because I thought surely it must be Bill Hart, Tommy Meighan or Doug Fairbanks.

When we were getting out of the car at the hotel something happened that made me realize that there was a streak of jealousy in my nature. A beautiful, dark-haired woman, one of the most beautiful and appealing women I had ever laid eyes on came rushing out to meet Mr. Barrow.

"Oh John, my dear, I am so glad to see you. Of course I heard you were due. Fact is I refused to work this morning so I might welcome you. Are you glad of this?" she asked, lifting her eyes that were like dark, mysterious pools up to Mr. Barrow. I saw him take both of her hands in his, and a red hot knife ran through my heart while a green mist filled my eyes with a stinging sensation.

"Of couse Helene, I am glad. More than words can express," he said. Each word sounded like a cannon shot right in my ear.

A few more exchanges of greetings and Mr. Barrow turned and presented Helene Faverish to us. She was very nice and complimented me by saying to Mr. Barrow:

"So, this young lady is your beautiful 'find' that I heard about. Well, the reports have not been exaggerated about you, my dear," she beamed returning her glance to me.

I felt the beautiful star's personality at once, and somehow her manners and her magnetism made me feel out of place with her for I realized after all, that I was only a little girl filled with golden dreams from a tiny Georgia village, and that she was famous, and rich in both money and experience. Then, too, the way she seemed to take possession of Mr. Barrow, made me realize very vividly how little chance there was of a great man like him being interested in me when there were women in his company like Helene Faverish.

"Where is the wife, John?" she asked as we walked towards the hotel. I pricked up my ears with sudden interest. It was the first time in a long time that I had thought of the fact that Mr. Barrow was a married man.

"Oh! Marita?" I heard him saying, "Why, she is in Paris," he answered in an easy voice.

At luncheon on our first day in Hollywood there were many famous people stopping at our table to welcome Mr. Barrow. I met them all. Of course some of them had heard the story about my wonderful chance Mr. Barrow was giving me, and one leading man, very clever and witty, came up and called me the little Cinderella girl of the movies.

Miss Faverish was there at the table, sitting next to John Barrow, and somehow, for all of her sweetness and beauty, I began to dislike her and her attentions to the man whom I had enthroned in my heart and my dreams. Towards the end of the lunch someone sitting at a nearby table said something in a whispered tone which I overheard. For a moment my appetite left me, and everything in the bright and beautiful room grew dull and tarnished looking.

"Yes," went on the girl who was talking, "that's the gossip you hear everywhere. They've been giing around together a long time, and Helene Faverish, they say, would rather spend ten minutes with him than ten days with the most attractive man in Hollywood."

That afternoon when we went over to Mr. Barrow's studio my mind was divided into two different sections. One kept thinking and wondering as to whether or not he cared for Helene Faverish. And, the other tried its best to think about nothing but the picture we were going to do. Most of the sets were about ready for the first interior shots and the technical director told Mr. Barrow that within four days he could start working. I welcomed this news because I figured that being busy would keep me from thinking about things which made me hurt inside.

Mr. Barrow certainly was a busy man during the next few days. I think he must have spent all night and day at the studio. And when he did get back to the hotel, he didn't go to sleep for I could see the lights in his room from my bed, where, for reasons which I could not exactly explain, I lay wide awake, hour after hour, unable to sleep until I saw his lights go out.

Not once in all of our meetings had he made the slightest attempt to discover anything about the night of his visit to us in New York. Nor, had he ever volunteered to give me the interrupted explanation of what had happened to make it possible for him to go to the South Seas and produce his "dream" picture. The truth is he seemed so busy, and pre-occupied with his work during those days that he appeared to have forgotten the existence of everything and everyone except his labors. My eyes followed him constantly, just as my thoughts did, and I kept looking in vain for another moment in which that wistful, sad sort of expression might come into his eyes. I am sure I wanted to see it there for that one night in his studio when he had talked about his new story was the only time since I had known him that I felt as if I could do something for him to repay him, and to reveal what was in my heart for him. At that time I think he would have welcomed a little sympathy, or something from me.

It was the afternoon before our first day that something happened in the studio—something which sent me home wishing I had never in all my life wanted to go in the movies—wishing I had died.

I was coming from the designer's office after a last fitting of the South Sea Island costume I was to wear when I heard Mr. Barrow and Miss Faverish talking in his office which was right off the main stage. Never in all my life had I ever been tempted to listen to the conversation of others. I knew it was a mean thing to do. But, something inside of me drove me behind some stacked scenery where I could overhear them.

"I have been thinking of taking a rest for some time John," she was saying, "Nerves, and even my physical strength seem quite in need of it. The strain, you know does tell in the long run And now you paint such a vivid picture of this trip I am really tempted to go along and watch you all work for a change!"

"I am sure you would benefit by it Helene, very much. Please come," was John Barrow's answer.

There was silence for a moment. Then Miss Faverish began talking.

"I would in a minute—except for one thing, John. This protege o fyours——"

"Margery——?" interrupted Mr. Barrow.

"Yes. A woman sees more than a man does in another woman's eyes. Perhaps she does not know it, but I have caught stray looks which tell me more than you will ever guess. I—I would not care to——" she stopped in the middle of this sentence as if suddenly deciding to say what was on her mind without further hesitancy, "John Barrow I will go upon one condition," she stated.

"Name it," he said.

"That you can tell me honestly there is nothing between you and this girl—that you do not love her."

I pushed against the scenery in order to get closer to the office wall and hear the answer John Barrow would give her. My whole being became my heart in that moment, and I could feel a great thumping throughout my entire body and soul.

What will be John Barrow's answer? Will his words blast or lift the passionate hopes that have been growing in the young girl's heart these trying weeks of her early struggle? Follow this fascinating narrative in next week's issue of Movie Weekly.

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Play Reviews

(Continued from page 17)

who has long since shown his abilities as a fighter, swimmer, jumper, etc., proves himself an autoist worthy of the dustiest and dizziest laurels.

A rich man's chauffeur is sent in advance of his master to Del Monte, California. With him is the family car. On arrival he is mistaken for a famous racing driver and he permits the accidental imposture to stand. A girl complicates matters. The Del Monte road race, for a cash prize of $10,000, is about to happen. Three guesses as to what occurs.

Feeble efforts are made at first to complicate the plot. Detectives and a villain and nefarious roughnecks are produced with an eye to making it harder. But about midway the director evidently said a few abrupt, unprintable things, told the plot to go chase itself, and got down to the really serious business of the day.

The road race, about which everything centers, is a wonder. We have our own little private suspicion that one or more real racing events were made to fit into the sequence. The racing cars at full tilt around skiddy corners, somersaulting up embankments, and committing hari kari amid the dust of California, are entirely too good to be untrue.

Denny apparently drives one of the racers himself. The dust and oil upon his classic countenance in the final fade-out are certainly beyond the deceptive powers of grease paint and powder.

There seems to be nothing deceptive about Denny, anyway. He gives the impression of being a very real young man. His acting is natural, his poise is comfortable and his smile is convincing.

Laura La Plante, as the bubbling and lighthearted loved one of the hero, contributes a cheery note. Miss La Plante is distinctly kissable.

We, for one, require nothing more of a comedienne.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

"THE KID FROM MADRID, MICHIGAN" (

Billy Sullivan, the latest star of Universal's excellent "Leather Pusher" series, is one of the pleasantest young studio "pugs" so far. His part in this most recent release is largely confined to some marvelously energetic work in the roped square, but he leaves a wholly favorable impression.

"The Kid From Madrid" is just fight stuff—and lots of it. Fight stuff, however, is the essence of thrilling, clean-cut entertainment, produced and filmed in the graceful and easy-going manner with which "The Leather Pushers" is blessed. The cast is uniformly perfect, un-self-conscious, and good-tempered . . . this, certainly, is the best two-reeler of the week.

How DeMille Made "The Ten Commandments"

(Continued from page 13)

costumes . . . nearly sixteen miles of material! For facial make-up, two tons of talcum powder and five hundred gallons of glycerine were used. And two hundred pounds of safety pins were called into last-minute service!

Chariots were built by a crew working day and night for weeks, and an entire harness establishment devoted itself industriously to the making of such elaborate horse trappings as were common in Egypt in Old Testament days.

A well-known metropolitan wig-making establishment gave up all other business that it might have the thousands of wigs and beards required by the reincarnated Israelites and Egyptians ready in time for the strenuous Mr. De Mille . . .

And, just by way of a final statistic . . . this is what they ate in a single day during the Second Exile—at Guadalupe, California:

750 pounds of sugar
1,200 pounds of potatoes
1,500 pounds of meat
1,200 gallons of coffee and tea
4,000 eggs
900 pounds of butter
1,200 pounds of bread
150 gallons of canned fruit

Actors must eat!

Are You Too Old to Study Music?

Do you consider yourself past the age to take up music—that you can't afford to devote the time that it requires—that your mind can't concentrate on such things any longer? Then you are exactly the person who will be interested in this astonishing, short-cut method for mastering any musical instrument.

"OH, I'm sorry I didn't study music in my younger days. Now it's too late to commence—I have so many other things to think of."

How often do people make such remarks! The average adult considers himself too old to commence studying music, for in the ordinary, old-fashioned way, months and months are consumed, and it is often years before you can render a selection with ease and credit. Monotonous exercises, heart-breaking scales, finger technique—all must be practised over and over again, day in and day out. No wonder so many become discouraged, and drop the study of music, long before they have accomplished anything worth while!

Moreover, consider the enormous expense. You pay an instructor who stays with you perhaps only one hour a week. Then there are books to be bought—books that illustrate the music to be played, but which help you in no other way. That means your progress depends entirely upon your teacher—you progress only as rapidly as *he* choses to go.

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What Shall We See At the Movies?

(Continued from page 20)

TER (*Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr*)—A real, honest-to-goodness comedy, based on the delightful stage farces of the same title. Bernard gives ones of the best humorous performances the screen has seen. The whole picture is in excellent taste and filled with action. 95%.

THE RENDEZVOUS (*Lucille Ricksen and Elmo Lincoln*)—A modern Russian melodrama made more than commonly interesting by Marshall Neilan. 85%.

RENO (*Lew Cody and Helene Chadwick*)—In which Rupert Hughes succeeds in showing that the divorce laws are all wrong. Confused and a trifle dull. 65%.

THE SONG OF LOVE (*Norma Talmadge*)—A desert romance of the conventional sort interesting chiefly from the pictorial standpoint. The star, the settings and the costumes are lovely. 80%.

SPORTING YOUTH (*Reginald Denny*)—A pleasant automobile-and-romance comedy of the Wally Reid type. Denny is excellent. 80%.

STEPHEN STEPS OUT (*Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*)—A completely pleasing, adventurous, cheerful sort of American boy story. Doug, Jr. has inherited a lot and then some. He's the most likable lad in filmdom, and a genuinely capable actor. 90%.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (*All Star Cast*)—A superb modern melodrama preceded by one of the most pretentious prologues in movie annals. Trick photography, a perfect cast, magnificent settings, a real plot—everything has gone into the making of a nearly perfect super-feature. 95%.

WEST OF THE WATER TOWER (*Glenn Hunter*)—Glenn Hunter and May McAvoy contributing the best work of their careers to an excellent drama of American small-town life. 90%.

The Confessions of a Movie Wardrobe Mistress

(Continued from page 24)

heads, Paul would explain the necessity for my going. The only thing in my mind now was to find Hazel.

I looked about me. Tia Juana is just a handful of buildings and a race track set down in the midst of some of the flattest, dreariest looking country I ever saw. A mere thread of a river separates it from the United States. A winding road led off to the old town of Tia Juana. There were no bushes or forests anywhere in sight in all that sweep of barren country clear to the horizon. No place where a girl could be hidden except in either one of these little towns. Unless—I shuddered as I looked apprehensively at that sluggish, muddy river.

It was maddening, this inactivity, this indecision, the lack of trained minds to work on the case. I pressed my hands to my throbbing temples. I resolved that if Hazel was not found by noon I would take matters into my own hands. I would notify the Los Angeles police, I would notify Mr. Brann, come what might.

Just then Barty came running toward me. He was accompanied by a tall, dark man with an inexpressive face and deep set eyes.

"It looks as though we might have a clue," said Barty hopefully.

Will Hazel be found? What has become of the unhappy girl, defenseless in Tia Juana, the boiling pot of mixed races, quick emotions and strong passions? Will her name be cleared and happiness at last be hers? Read next week's Movie Weekly and see.

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- Mamma Loves Papa, Papa Loves Mamma

These Great New Song Successes

- So I Took the Fifty Thousand Dollars
- I'm Going South
- You're in Kentucky, Sure as You're Born
- I'm Sitting Pretty in a Pretty Little City
- If the Rest of the World Don't Want You
- When Lights Are Low
- Stay Home, Little Girl, Stay Home

These Wonderful New Waltzes

- Sleep
- Cielito Lindo (Beautiful Heaven)

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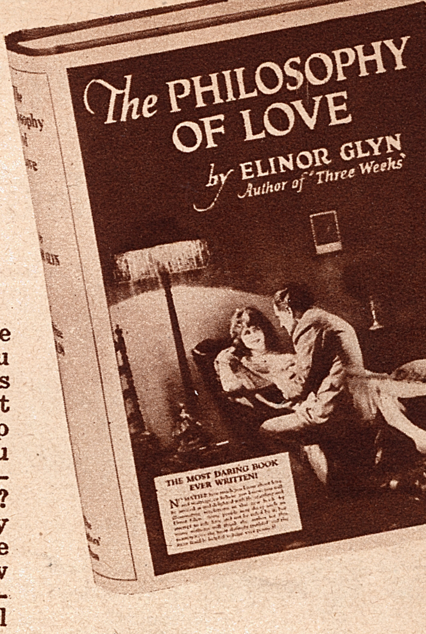

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